

REAL LETTERS
OF A
REAL GIRL



BETTY



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REAL LETTERS OF A REAL GIRL

BY BETTY

Mary E. Gandy



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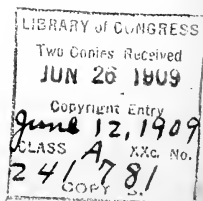
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Ans. July 7, 1932.
A.M.B., 25. Nov.,

*Lovingly dedicated to Bessie, the unfortunate
victim of the following inky spasms*



REAL LETTERS OF A REAL GIRL

United States Transport——,
Bound for the Philippines.

December 23.

Dearest Cousin:

Where shall I begin? I can't write fast enough, I have so much to say!

First of all, twenty times a day, I hug you mentally for all you did in helping us to pack,—and certainly there was plenty to do for poor Mother, starting on a trip around the world at thirty-six hours' notice. You were a perfect dear, as you always are, and I hope that sometime I may be able to do something for you. Wasn't it fine that at the last minute Mother could go with us? Our trip

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would simply have been spoiled if we had had to leave her at home.

X I feel as if I were terribly conceited to start a tale all about me and mine, but you asked for it, so if you don't like it, just take lots of love for Aunt Fanny and the other dear people and a big hug for yourself, and use the rest of this to kindle the fire.

In the first place, the trip from Boston to New York was great fun and I shall never dread travelling alone in our country again. Everything is comfortable and convenient, and I was all but tucked into bed. I was so sleepy that I was off as soon as my head touched the pillow and I slept like a top. I went to the Murray Hill Hotel for breakfast and then to the Transport with my trunks, and oh! Bess—I wish you could have been with me! I arrived just in time for guard mount. The band was playing inspiring music, the boat was trimmed with flags,

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and the men in their gorgeous cavalry yellow made a perfect picture. It was simply soul-filling.

The troops from our Post were not to arrive until noon, and I went up the gang-plank thinking that there would be no one on board whom I knew, but when I reached the deck, I discovered Captain H—— standing a little way off. We saw each other at the same minute and he made a wild rush towards me, caught his foot in a steamer chair, and fell flat on his face. It looked as if he were practicing an Eastern salaam, but what he said didn't sound even remotely like "Oh, Allah!"

He found my state-room for me and helped me to stow away my baggage. The room was No. 15. (I am going into the minutest details for I intend to see you married to an army officer as soon as I find one good enough, and then you may take this very same trip.) It contained

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two diminutive bunks and a little bob-tailed couch, intended for Bobby, and there were all manner of arrangements for keeping cool—electric fans, screen-doors, etc.,—and a wash-bowl, which most obligingly clung to the side of the wall when not in use, and life-preservers enough to float an army of martyrs. There is but one word that seems to describe the room, and that word is—“cute.”

I hunted up Mother's room and found that it was No. 1—a large room with four bunks and a big couch.

Then I went up town to do my last errands, and as I know nothing about the city, I went to the “Grand,” where I knew I could find some ladies from our Squadron, and we did all our shopping together. We had all been given lists of things that are absolutely necessary in the tropics. White canvas shoes seemed to be most important, and all agreed that

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they must be about a size too large, as one's feet are very apt to swell in that climate.

Then I went off by myself on a hunt for a book on astronomy. I felt that as Bobby would be losing his regular school, I must make this trip as instructive as possible, and as we should have a fine chance to study the stars, and an opportunity to see the Ship and the Southern Cross, I walked miles trying to find an illustrated book which seemed simple. I went back to the Transport again just in time to see the first and third Squadrons come aboard. It was like a grand reception or reunion, for it is a long time since our whole regiment has been together. It was, "Well, how are you, old man!" "Hello, where's Kittie?" "Now, doesn't this seem good!" It did seem good to see Frank, and what do you think? He said it was 30 degrees below zero when they left the Post. Mother, with Bobby in

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tow, arrived at the Transport soon after, and every one was glad to see her.

We found that our particular crowd had telegraphed for seats at Weber and Field's in the evening. Mother said she was really too tired to go, and would look after Bobby. About six o'clock Frank and I went up town and had the nicest little dinner together at Muchinheimer's, with champagne and no end of good things. We met the rest of the crowd and drove in a procession of hansoms to the theatre, where we laughed until we were tired. Then Frank and I slipped away and went off on a little supper spree all by ourselves at Rector's. Half-past twelve seems to be the crowded time and it was great fun to watch the people while we discussed blue-points and broiled live lobsters. A hansom took us to the boat, which we reached at three o'clock. We discovered that in our absence some one who ranked us had moved our baggage

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out of No. 15 and deposited it in No. 13, and when I awoke in the morning I thought bad luck had begun all right. Such a head as I had! I spent the morning signing the pledge and writing an article to be read at the next meeting of the W. C. T. U., but when we sailed at one o'clock—I was feeling fine.

There were crowds of people on the wharf to see us off, and the band played "Auld Lang Syne" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the enlisted men sang the regimental song with its chorus for all they were worth:

"For it's trot, trot, trot, is the soldier's lot,
When he lists in the Cavalry.
And it's hike, hike, hike, which they don't much
like,
For our friends of the Infantry.
Oh! it's shoot, shoot, shoot, when the trumpets toot,
If you're in the Artillery,
And it's fight, fight, fight for your Country's
might
In the — — Cav-al-ry!"

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The crowd cheered, and when we finally pulled away from the dock it seemed as if every boat in the harbor saluted us. It was simply pandemonium let loose, whistles in every possible key all going together, the troopers cheering themselves hoarse, the band playing, and every one in good spirits. Mother and I fairly danced up and down to think that we were both really aboard.

The harbor was lovely and we were interested in all the sights. Soon we heard that there would be a chance to send letters or telegrams back by the pilot, so I hastily wrote a line to be wired to you. Shortly after, word came on deck that some one had given the pilot a telegram addressed to "Bessie" and as he was unfortunate enough not to know "Bessie," he begged for further details. You may imagine how foolish I felt leaning over the side and screaming the rest of your address to him, while his boat bobbed up

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and down and the crowd guyed me unmercifully.

Frank received several telegrams and, among them, one wishing him "A pleasant voyage and a speedy return." By what chance anybody hoped to have his speedy return brought about, when he was starting on a two years' trip, I can't fathom,—whether by desertion, retirement or illness I am at a loss to know.

We were all sitting on deck when it suddenly became fearfully rough. People began to disappear by ones and twos, then in half-dozen lots, followed by a regular stampede. Frank and I and one other couple sat out on the stern until nearly four o'clock watching the water and the gulls. Then Captain H—— said, "How beau——" and disappeared down the companion-way, which made me think of something in my state-room that I needed at once, and it was simply a foot race between the other lady and

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myself to see who should get below first; and Frank was left alone. I remained in my state-room until I heard the dinner gong and I found it hard even then to think of leaving it, but when I reached the dining-room and smelled the roast turkey and all the other good things, my state-room held out no more charms, and I ate everything from oysters to ice-cream. For the first two or three days, there was only one other lady who attended her meals and we felt tremendously proud to think that we alone had not been victims to *mal de mer*, but when the rest of the ladies began to put in an appearance, we learned to our chagrin that none of them had been sea-sick. Most of them had merely been tired from packing, and some had had headaches, but sea-sick, "Oh, no!"

Bobby was sea-sick, but he wants me not to tell you, for he says he is not sure but that he was just home-sick. He thinks

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he would not have felt that way at home.

It has been delightfully warm for the last two days, as we have been in the gulf stream. We are going south two hundred miles out of our course, to avoid cold weather, as we are really in no hurry (except for the first of the month,—pay-day).

The food is fine, better than we have ever had on ocean-liners, and we have just seen the tremendous list of good things on board. All I remember now is two thousand blue-points, three hundred pigeons, four hundred broilers, and three hundred and fifty pounds of fresh lobster. We have nice fruit and lettuce and tomatoes, and bang-up good cooks.

Now, I must turn in. I have been waiting for Frank to go on guard, which he does at midnight, and he has been trying to catch a few winks. If you were only here my cup of happiness would surely run over. Don't get married until I

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can find you an officer, for this is certainly the most glorious life. It seemed as if I couldn't contain myself when the sun and band came out together this morning, for the first time since sailing.

Lovingly

BETH.



Christmas Eve.

Dearest Bess:

I have decided to bring my letter to you up to date. (I seem to see what a fine blaze these letters will make.)

It is so beautiful here this morning that I could sing for joy, did I not hate to cause suffering among the passengers. Nearly every one is out on deck, and the band has been playing all the jolliest things, and we have just passed our first ship. It came very near and dipped the Union Jack, which we gracefully acknowledged

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by dipping the Stars and Stripes and playing "God Save the Queen."

I wish I could make you realize what life on a Transport is like. Two or three persons told Mother they thought she was very brave to be willing to take a trip on a Troop Ship. That sounded English and not too attractive, but I had heard army people refer to their trips to the Philippines with such enthusiasm that I felt no qualms. In so many ways it is far ahead of travelling on a liner, and not the least advantage is the price. When I looked up the cost of this trip on a liner it fairly took my breath away. Why, it would take all Frank's pay for years. Yet here we are, going right to the same adorable places, paying only one dollar a day. How we can live as we do will always remain a mystery. Then, it is nice to know every one. No matter where you find your steamer chair placed, you are sure to be near some one in whom

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you are interested, for the bond between members of the same regiment is very strong. To be sure there is little room to spare, but what could go further to prove the popularity of Transports?

The deck is perfect, and so little time is spent in our state-rooms that what does it matter if one has to go outside even to sneeze? Another thing strikes me as a great luxury on ship-board. Before, I have had to manage with the few things that can be jammed into a poor little steamer trunk, but here all our trunks except those in our state-room are placed in a trunk-room, and we have access to them whenever we wish. Another comfort is the Commissary. It has all the earmarks of the country store,—shoe-lacings, pens, pins, stationery, chocolates, soft drinks, pickles, everything in fact, with the exception of the typical sugar barrel to sit on.—Last but not least, what luxury on a liner could ever make up for

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the lack of military life? From reveille to taps, the bugle is always calling, and on the deck below inspections and drills and guard mounts are going on. In the afternoon there is the concert by the military band and at "Retreat" the dear old "Star Spangled Banner" brings us all to our feet as the flag comes down. Much as I have enjoyed life on ocean-liners, it seems like life on a canal boat, compared to this. Think that it is the day before Christmas, and here we sit out on deck wearing our thinnest things, with no hats or rugs!

Guard mount is going on. How I love it all! It is good to be alive!

I have almost decided on an officer for you. He is a West Pointer and has been all over the world and knows everything, and yet they say he is no more conceited than the average man. His record is the envy of every lieutenant on board, and he is quite good looking, too. The

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single out about him is his name, which is O'Reilly. My only fear is that some one will snap one of you up before I can bring you together.

We are going down into the trunk-room this morning to take out our Christmas things and stow them away in No. 13, for this is Christmas Eve. Well, dear girl, I shall think of you to-night and wish you were all coming to dine with us to-morrow. I shall try to write you a few lines every night now, until we reach Gibraltar, and then if I have the price I will send the whole blooming business by freight.

Lots of love, from

BETH.



December 31.

Dear Girl:

I don't know whether to write first my thanks for all the beautiful presents

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or to tell you how we spent our Christmas. I think I will go back to the "night before." Christmas Eve was very jolly. We sat out on deck and sang songs we all knew, even the men joining in from their deck below. Then some of the officers formed an impromptu band with borrowed instruments, and gave three or four "Wagnerian" pieces, delighting the enlisted men who were looking on and cheering everything tremendously. Not to be outdone they produced two men who did a fine clog dance, and our orchestra leader gave us one or two charming selections on his violin.

The climax was reached when a little before midnight a huge bowl of a certain famous egg-nog and a great fruit cake appeared as if by magic. We drank to the ——— Cavalry and to each other and to all the good people at home, and before the last toast was over it was time to wish every one "Merry Christmas."

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Such a fine time as we had Christmas Day! After breakfast Mother, Frank, Bobby and I betook ourselves to No. 13, where our many mysterious packages had been stowed away. At first it looked as if "we uns" and the presents could never occupy the state-room at one and the same time, but we finally managed it,—mother and I on the bob-tailed couch, Frank wedged in the corner, Bobby in the obliging wash-bowl which came down for the purpose, and the packages heaped upon the lower bunk. My dear! they were lovely, with the dainty white ribbons and holly, and we had many a good laugh over the jokes. The parasol is a beauty, and you may imagine me sporting it when we are a little nearer the "imaginary line." Such a love of a fan! It is exquisite. We have already had days when a fan is most acceptable. Don't I wish you were here to read "The Lightning Conductor" with me! I am saving all my

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Christmas books for the last part of our trip, as every one says that by that time the novelty will have worn off, and we shall cordially hate the boat and each other, and books will be worth their weight in gold.

The men have trimmed the mess hall beautifully with the flags and guidons and holly, and although there was no real mistletoe a piece of holly over the door labeled "Mistletoe" answered every purpose. The dinner left nothing to be desired, unless it were extra space, beginning with oysters and going through roast goose, roast turkey, sucking pig, hams boiled in champagne, mince pie and English plum pudding.

There was the *killinglest* Christmas tree in the saloon, manufactured from branches which may once have borne apples, to which were tied sprays of holly, the whole decorated with the usual Christmas favors. They intended to have a "sure enough"

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Christmas tree, but at the last moment it was forgotten. This was the next best thing, and in a way it was better, for no one could look at it without laughing.

We have had nine days of absolutely perfect weather, as warm as June and as smooth as the proverbial mill-pond. To-day is pleasant, but *rough*! It is "Muster" and the men have been trying to stand in ranks for roll-call while the waves have washed over the lower deck and the officers have balanced around on one leg in attitudes anything but dignified. It is tremendously exhilarating, but we are beginning to look in vain for familiar faces and if it continues there will be only a few of us left to see Madeira this afternoon. The band is "all to the bad." The music in their souls has given place to misery in their "midsts" and they are a sorry lot. The band leader crawled up on deck this morning, and sat with his head in his hands, evidently longing

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for Home and Mother. The general told him that he wished he would "get the band out—it would cheer things up—it would do the sea-sick passengers a world of good—it would probably do the musicians themselves good." The bandmaster turned a fishy eye upon him and replied, in a weak and shaky voice, "It might, but it would be an awful thing for the cornets!"

I can't imagine anything more beautiful than this trip has been thus far,—warm enough to sit out on deck until midnight without wraps. We have two concerts every day, beside "Guard Mount" and "Retreat," and the finest of phonographs, with all the new rag-times and two-steps.

Bobby is blissful and I think this trip is going to be the greatest thing in the world for him. He is ravenous and it delights his soul to give his own order from the *menu*. I wish you could hear him call for the French dishes, for he hesitates

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at nothing and pronounces them exactly as they are spelled. Every night he says, "This is the best day I have ever had in my life."

January 2.

When I had written thus far, some one came for me to do a mile around the deck and then it was dinner time. After that we went out and sang until we were hungry, and came in to find a fine spread to celebrate New Year's Eve,—fresh lobster, sandwiches of all kinds, cheese and beer. As a great treat I passed around the box of candy Aunt Fanny sent me and every one said it was the best ever. Did she know that I loved caramels best of anything? At midnight, New Year's Eve, the officers raised what they called "merry Cain," if you know what that is. They had the big fog whistle blown three times and a tiger; then they got all the band instruments, and such a noise you never heard. They rigged up some chimes

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out of beer bottles and played on them for about fifteen minutes. Some of the passengers were scared. They thought the whistle was the fire signal, and when it was followed by the bugle they supposed it was "Assembly," and were sure the end had come.

It was so rough yesterday that we couldn't go near Madeira, but if the weather clears up a little to-day we shall see the coast of Africa, and to-morrow we shall be at Gibraltar.

Probably I shall not write again until after we leave Gibraltar as I have Christmas letters to write. Hug yourself for me hard. With lots of love from

BETH.

P. S. O'Reilly won't do at all! I have seen him when he is sea-sick, and I want nothing like it in the family. He was a study in olive drab, and you couldn't tell where the uniform stopped and he began.

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Monday night, January 4.

Dearest Girl:

I am sitting up in my berth, when I ought to be asleep, for I simply can't wait to tell you about this place. We expected to see Africa last Saturday, but it rained and was so foggy that we hadn't even a glimpse of it. When we woke up Sunday morning, it was still foggy, and every one was sick with disappointment that our first view of the Rock should be under such conditions.

About noon, the fog lifted and we saw the coast of Morocco. A little later Spain appeared very faintly, and it stopped raining. Finally the sun peeped out just long enough to give us the loveliest view of a little Spanish village, and a lighthouse surrounded by the greenest grass; and another peep showed us an interesting old Moorish village.

At three o'clock, we had our first glimpse of the Rock, which, to my surprise, was not

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in the least like the Prudential advertisement. Although it had not entirely cleared off, still the patch of blue sky grew larger and larger as we approached, and the Rock grew grander and grander, and, my dear, when we were near enough to distinguish the red coats of the soldiers, out came the sun in all its glory, just as if the whole thing had been planned, and at the same minute "Retreat" sounded and the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner"! I have no words to describe it. It was like a beautiful dream. I don't know exactly what I had expected but it went far ahead of my anticipations. It was quite easy to see the big "crouching lion," as the Rock is sometimes called, with its head on its paws looking toward Spain. With our glasses we could discover guns peeping out at us from unexpected places. What at first appeared like trees and rock became fortifications, bristling with guns painted to look like

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an innocent bit of nature. I was thankful that our relations with Great Britain are not strained. The whole village is built on terraces on the steep side of the Rock facing us, so that we had a view of all the buildings in it, and here and there we could see patches of blue and red and olive drab where the Tommies were having their drills.

Of course every one was on deck, armed either with a Baedeker or a camera, as we slowly pulled in to our moorings. We hoisted our big quarantine flag which looked exactly like a cavalry banner, and the doctor came aboard and said we could go ashore whenever we pleased. Then the governor's representative came in oodles of gold lace, and made us feel quite important. In the meantime, innumerable little boats were crowding around us with oranges growing right out of stems with shiny green leaves (not that I supposed they grew out of gas-

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pipes) and also with delicious figs put up in the dearest little baskets.

We waited only to swallow our dinner, and then Frank and I went ashore. We had to pass through the quaintest old stone gateway adorned with the lion and the unicorn. The date 1385 made us feel quite juvenile. It was guarded by two sentries. Once through, there were soldiers everywhere, some of them most gorgeous in their scarlet and gold and white and their Highland kilts. There were priests in shovel hats, and nuns, and bare-legged Moors, and Spanish girls in lace mantillas, and ladies from the garrison. It was like a scene on the stage.

There is only one street of any importance. In Gibraltar it is a blessed thing to be slender (you notice I don't say skinny) for the sidewalks are just two feet wide. Fortunately the street itself is kept immaculately clean and nearly every one walks there. Every Tommy carries his

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“swagger,” or “dinky” stick. It seems almost as much a part of him as his little pill-box cocked over one ear. We promptly invested in several. The sticks are all ornamented with silver tops, bearing the device of the special regiment Tommy belongs to, and there are many different designs. I was surprised to discover that Gibraltar is not an island, but is joined to Spain by a narrow strip of land called “neutral ground.” However, we were told that the gateway between Gibraltar and this narrow way is undermined and at a moment’s notice can be exploded so as to transform the great moat into a lake, and convert Gibraltar into an island. I shall tread softly when I pass over that gateway.

We walked about until we were afraid of being locked inside the walls and had to tear ourselves away. All the Transport’s passengers were not so foresighted, and several of the officers were locked

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in and had to spend the night on the Rock, while their respective wives had visions of "battle, murder, and sudden death" in hideous forms.

I tried to send your letter by freight, but finally had to see a goodly portion of Frank's last pay account converted into two-pence half-penny stamps.

We reached the Transport just in time to see the full moon rise behind the Rock,—oh, I pinched myself to see if it was real!

This morning a charming English Major, in all his scarlet and gold lace, took a party of us over the Royal Engineer's Barracks. We were shown everything they wear, everything they eat, where they drink, and where they live; and I was presented with a gilt lion and unicorn which I intend to use as a belt buckle.

It was funny to see how quickly our troopers and Atkins were on the most intimate footing. We met them repeatedly doing the sights together, arm in arm.

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As there is no W. C. T. U. there, Tommy has a splendid regimental canteen where he can drink his beer from pewter pint-pots at a shilling a gallon, and the profits, which come up to about two hundred pounds a month, are devoted to improving his mess. Lucky Tommy!

The married men are particularly well looked after. Their quarters are not assigned according to rank, but by the size of their families,—so that a private with three children selects his quarters ahead of a sergeant with one child. It is needless to say that no alarm is felt concerning race suicide.

We were shown through several of the Non Coms' quarters. They have no separate houses, but live in one building several stories high. Each set has its porch where I would gladly have spent a whole day, as it overlooks the drill ground, which was like a great kaleidoscope, changing every hour, and, beyond, the harbor alive with ships.

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The men have collected wonderful things from different places where they have been stationed—exquisite things from India; and beautiful things from South Africa, to say nothing of unique souvenirs from Bermuda, Nova Scôtia, and Australia. It made me wish that Uncle Sam had more foreign possessions.

After a delicious luncheon at the hotel we drove for two hours through the markets and gardens and across the narrow stretch of neutral land, where we saw the English sentries in their red coats on one side, and on the other, the Spanish guards in their long black cloaks and shiny black hats, too picturesque for anything. Judging by them we imagined that Spain itself would take our breaths away,—and it did, but merely because, as firm believers in the germ theory, we did not dare to draw a good breath in such filth. Dirty—oh, my—and such horrid beggars!

Armed with a Spanish dictionary I

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visited several shops in a vain endeavor to buy a Spanish flag, as I wish to make a collection of flags from the countries we visit. I wish you could have seen the collection of things that my Spanish brought forth. Everything—I give you my word—from a string of garlic to a necktie, but a flag—never!—By that time I felt that we were covered and surrounded by fifty-seven distinct varieties of germs, and after one last despairing look around, we fled back to British territory.

We reached the main street just in time to see the Spanish workmen going home. There are twelve hundred men who come over to work on the new gallery for fifteen cents a day, and they have to be out of the city by six o'clock, when a guard escorts them with a fife-and-drum corps, and a most pompous person bears the key to the gate that locks them out.

We were so tired then that we came home—I mean back to the boat. My

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eyes are closing now, and yet I haven't told you about the hedges of heliotrope in bloom, and the roses and violets all in blossom—though it is only January—and the merchants driving their herds of turkeys through the streets, and the flocks of goats that were milked from door to door, and those funny bare-legged Moors, in their yellow slippers and voluminous white turbans. I shall go to sleep to dream of them.

Lovingly,

BETH.



January 5.

Dear Bess:

Only a word to-night for I feel as if I had been run over by a road-roller, and thereby hangs a tale!

Last night we had word that the admiral offered us his private launch—"H. M. S. Crocodile"—for a trip to Tangiers this morning! About twenty started off at

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eight o'clock. The day was not very propitious, and it was rough even inside the breakwater, but we hoped things might improve. The trip is supposed to take a little over three hours. After we had been tossed about for about two hours and most of the ladies had ceased to take any interest in Tangiers or in anything except their wretched selves, the captain sent the general word that a coming storm would make it utterly impossible for us to land at Tangiers, so there was nothing to do but to go back. By that time a dreadful squall had come up and it had begun to pour. We were all huddled in the little cabin, tossed around as if it weren't the admiral's own launch at all. It took us forever to get back, with the sea rougher every minute. When at last we reached the *Crocodile's* moorings and thought our troubles at an end, we had a really frightful time. It was too rough to use the Trans-

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port launch so they sent three life-boats to take us off, and it took six or eight sailors to hold them until we could jump in. It was only a short distance to the Transport, but it is wonderful how much can happen in a short space. The boats were tossed about like so many peanut-shells. Time and again I was thrown into the bottom of the boat. The waves broke over us, and we were wet to the skin and bruised. We didn't know that we had been in any real danger until we were once more on our own deck, when I found that the ship's officers had expected every minute the boats would be swamped. Maybe we weren't a bedraggled-looking lot! I have a hat ribbon bearing the legend "H. M. S. Crocodile" as a souvenir of my trip to Tangiers, and when I count my black and blue spots I feel that it was dearly bought.

After luncheon it grew calm enough so that those of us who were not too crippled

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and lame could go ashore. We joined the survivors and drove to the entrance of the galleries. Here we annexed a most obliging "Non Com. Tommy," who showed us everything as far as one is allowed to go without a pass. Even with a pass, in order to visit the upper galleries, one must go blind-folded, but this blind-man's-buff performance held out no charms for us. Our "Non Com" told us that on the summit there are great guns that can be fired by electricity from the base of the Rock at ships miles and miles away, as often the top is so surrounded by fog and mists that it would be impossible to sight an approaching vessel from there. It was rather hard to believe, but he looked like a perfectly honest man.

The galleries are like tunnels running one after another in a perfect network back and forth through the Rock, dark as pitch in some places and quite "juicy,"—a little fact I didn't discover until after

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I had gaily tripped through a horrid puddle nearly over my shoe tops. As a consequence, instead of enjoying the magnificent view, that we had from time to time through narrow slits cut in the face of the wall, I was searching my memory in a vain attempt to think where I had packed my bottle of "rhinitis," without which life for me would probably soon resolve itself into one grand snuffle.

I was surprised to learn that over eight thousand soldiers are garrisoned here and that there is a room in the middle of the Rock large enough, in case of war, to hold all the women and children connected with the garrison.

From one of the openings in the Rock we looked down on the kennels of the Calpe Hounds, one of the most noted packs in the British possessions. It is provisioned to stand a twenty years' siege (the garrison—not the pack), but the people probably couldn't live heartily for

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that length of time. Baedeker tells an awful story of one of the thirteen times that Gibraltar has been besieged. He says that the garrison of six thousand lived on grass, horses, rats and cats, but as these letters are to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, I shall not dwell on that.

When we came back to the Transport we were glad to find a big P. and O. boat anchored alongside. We decided to get the ship's launch and go aboard of her after dinner. We had the launch all right, but imagine our disgust just as we pulled away from the gang-plank, to see her quietly slip out of the breakwater, and almost before we knew it she was out of sight.

Now I must turn in, as we sail at day-break and I want to be up to see if I can discover where the Prudential obtained that view of the Rock. So good-night!

BETH.

REAL LETTERS OF A REAL GIRL

January 9.

Dear Girl:

Just a line! We left Gibraltar Wednesday morning at daybreak and I was at last able to see the Rock from the Prudential's point of view. In about two hours we struck a storm which has lasted three days and completely incapacitated all but three of the ladies and a goodly proportion of the officers. Mother and I continued to show up with the remnant, although I have seen Mother more hungry. My appetite is still ridiculously good, but *such* a cold as I took in those galleries at Gibraltar!

Every one is railing at the blue Mediterranean. The cerulean hue seems to be entirely confined to the passengers who are slowly perishing from cold. It was a cruel blow when I discovered that the Blue Danube is a muddy brown, but I certainly never expected to find the Mediterranean a dull leaden color. I had also

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expected that we should meet boats in bunches, but we have seen only two and they are too far away to be interesting. We passed the ruins of Carthage this morning and I tried to dig up even one small bit from the fund of information that you and I absorbed together on that subject,—but in vain.

Many of the blue noses are now hidden between Baedeker's scarlet covers, breathing in facts about Malta with every breath.

I have selected another officer for you (I am sick to death of O'Reilly). I am not sure yet whether this one is married or not, but he is tremendously entertaining and has the nicest face. I think he is Scotch or English. He sent me a huge bunch of violets and Jack roses while we were at Gibraltar, and I think he will make a charming cousin-in-law.

I had some laundry done at Gibraltar and it is as good as a hearty meal. Most

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of the garments appear to have been boiled in a highly seasoned stew, and the bath towels were evidently dipped in a batter and fried. I think they must be far ahead of the emergency ration in pure nutritive value. I shall send out some more washing at Malta to add variety to the *menu*. We expect to reach Malta to-night or to-morrow morning.

Our general met Lord Roberts in London a short time ago, and Lord Roberts has cabled to Malta and all the other ports that have British garrisons, where we are to stop, and ordered them to be ready to turn out and do their best stunts for us. Nice of "Bobs," wasn't it?

Lots of love from

BETH.

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Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo,
January 18.

Dear Angel:

This is the nearest I shall ever come to heaven—so I send you my blessing.

Yours in bliss,

BETH.



January 22.

Dearest Cuz:

Oh, that I had studied shorthand and could put a whole sentence into one little crooked mark. It seems as if it were only yesterday that we reached Malta and yet enough has happened to fill four volumes. I ought to write a little every day, but somehow the days are so pitifully short that it is midnight before I know it.

I must tell you about Malta first. We got in on Sunday morning early, January 11. The harbor was full of English warships and we had to wind

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in and out among them to find our moorings, and all the Tommies stood at attention as we passed, and on many of the ships they played the Star Spangled Banner. There were over thirty ships, and each carried a Marconi and had a band on board. They gave us our mooring beside the flagship and its signals had a perfect fascination for me. All day long men were running up various combinations of colored flags. Then each ship in the fleet would run up a little red pennant, for all the world like a saucy wiggling red tongue, which signified that the admiral's signal was seen and understood. As soon as it was too dark to see the flags, a big bright star appeared over the admiral's ship and flirted in the boldest manner all night long with the stars over the other ships. Every time it winked they coquettishly winked back.

Soon after we anchored, Church Call was blown on all the ships and we saw

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all the men marching to their stern decks for service. In a little while hymns were rising on all sides of us, and each service ended with "God Save the King." It was like being in the centre of a great camp meeting.

My cold was outrageous, but just the same we went ashore after luncheon. The little boats in the harbor all had the funny prows like the Venetian gondolas, but the boatmen were certainly not as picturesque.

A crowd of us hired the funniest carriages—"Carrozzins" they call them—that look like four-posted canopied beds on wheels. We were driven up town and had fun sight-seeing. It is a dear place, with steps, steps everywhere—whole streets of steps, one street having over a hundred. From the moment one sets foot in Malta at the long flight of steps at the waterfront until one returns, it is a constant going up and down stairs.

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After the steps, I think the most picturesque thing about Malta is the head-dress worn by the women,—a voluminous black hood with a cape coming down over the shoulders. It is unlike anything I have ever seen, so I thought I would buy one to show you, but when I found that it would cost from one to three pounds I decided to let your idea of it remain vague. The women hold the hoods together at the neck. On pretty women they are most fetching, and on the plain women—well, they cover up a multitude of imperfections. They say they were originally worn as an act of penance for the immorality of the women of Malta during the French occupation but, between you and me, had they found them less becoming and coquettish, I think they would long since have forgotten their frail sisters. I have been wondering how it would do for us to start a bonnet brigade at home. The hoods are really becoming and I

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know people I am ashamed of, for whom (if suited to my style) I should be glad to do penance. Think it over!

First we did St. John's Church which is one of the richest in the world, with solid silver gates fifteen feet high, in one of the chapels. You needn't believe that if you don't like, but the guide said it and seemed offended when some one suggested that the silver might not be sterling. These gates escaped being added to the rest of the plunder seized by the French during a siege only by the happy thought of some one who painted them green. The chapel of St. John is famous from the fact that the Malta Knights were buried there. There were so many chapels that by the time we reached the last it was dark and we were gnawed by pangs of hunger, so we sought the best hotel, which was near, fortunately, as it was pouring.

Several persons decided to stay at the hotel while we were in town, and I was so

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fortunate as to be invited to spend the night with one of the ladies. The plan was most attractive, and I wish you could have seen her room. It was about thirty feet high and nearly thirty feet square. The windows looked down on the Main Guard, where we could see Atkins marching up and down.

The officers went out before dinner, returning with gorgeous great bunches of violets for all the ladies. We sat down about ten strong to the jolliest dinner! It was just our own particular set, and we all know each other so well that it would be impossible for us to go anywhere together and not have a lark. An ornate-colored bust of a young female was in the dining-room and one of the officers inquired who the lady was. The waiter could speak only a few words of English, but he managed to say "Queen Victoria—She finished." When at last we had eaten and laughed our fill, we felt just

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in condition for more fun. We found Sunday night is the night to go to the opera, so we all went, occupying two boxes. We couldn't understand a word, but we gathered from the programmes that it was the opera "Punchinello" in Italian, and some of it was so funny that we laughed until we cried. The audience was enthusiastic and when the opera was over they simply went mad and shouted something that sounded like "Bal!" "Bal!" It proved to be a call for an exquisite ballet. The dancers came on in couples and gave a short dance—each couple followed by another a little more deficient in regard to clothing, and it is well they worked up to the last gradually as otherwise we might have died of heart failure.

The next day was perfect, and we visited the market as soon as breakfast was over. It was unique. One can buy the smallest amounts of everything—the neck of a chicken, or one leg or just a

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pin-feather, if so minded. An ideal place to market for a family of two!

Then we began systematic shopping for Maltese lace, and when in the cabin at night I saw the quantity purchased I wondered if there were any lace left in Malta. There were dozens of berthas, collars of all shapes and sizes, handkerchiefs innumerable, and doylies without end.

Then there were the silver filigree shops, where every one bought silver Maltese crosses for relatives and friends at home,—“Now, won’t this brooch be just the thing for Aunt Fanny?” and “Here’s a stick-pin that will do for Harry”—“Oh, wouldn’t Clara just love one of these pendants for her chain,” and “Oh, we must get a spoon with a cross on it for our collection,” etc.

When we were too tired to shop any more, we took a guide and drove to some beautiful gardens where there were acres and acres of orange and lemon trees

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loaded with fruit. Something funny happened. Fascinating baskets of oranges were for sale and when I went out there in the morning, I bought one containing five dozen, thinking that we four ought to be able to eat them all before they should decay. I sent them on board by Frank's striker and thought no more about it. In the afternoon, mother visited the gardens and bought a basket of five dozen, and while we were both on shore an agent went aboard the Transport and sold Frank a basket of ten dozen there. When I returned to the boat the passage to No. 13 was entirely barricaded with oranges, and as it was impossible to get more than one orange into our state-room at a time we had a circus trying to dispose of them. We couldn't give them away as every one had laid in enough to last for days, but at last we found an obliging ship's officer who stowed them somewhere for us.

In the afternoon we had more shopping

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and sight-seeing. I must tell you about the Chapel of Bones. We could not go in, as it was being repaired, but I was content to see what I could from the doorway. The entire walls and ceiling were covered with bones, human bones, in every possible combination and design. Thigh bones were employed to produce a lattice effect across the vaulted arch of the nave, dados of solid skulls beautified the side walls. Arms were cleverly arranged to form dainty herring-bone borders and more intricate designs were made from fingers and toes. Apparently, the designs gave out before the bones, for there were huge bins filled with these still waiting to be arranged. There is certainly an opening there for members of the Arts and Crafts.

Now I can tell you about what were, to me, the most adorable things in Malta. It wouldn't do to speak of them before mentioning St. John's and the Chapel of

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Bones and other larger objects, but they come to the top every time I think of Malta. These were the little Maltese dogs. The breed is peculiar to Malta (I found there were no Maltese cats) and never in my life have I seen anything in the canine line half as dear. They are the softest little balls of fur, some black and some white, and so tiny that the men who were selling them held two in each hand. They looked for all the world like Japanese toys with their little stubby noses and beady eyes, and they cost only one dollar apiece. I thought at first that life simply could not be supported without at least one, but after I had mentally measured the state-room, I realized that, small as he was, it would necessitate turning out the trunk or Frank or Bobby, and I had to close my eyes and let them drag me away.

Frank had hunted up a little French restaurant where we went for a good

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dinner. I had to have each course repeated until the waiters were fairly appalled at my appetite, but everything was delicious.

We were certainly treated royally at Malta. The officers were made guests of the Malta Club, and the ladies were invited to a beautiful tea given at one of the handsomest villas, and to a tea on board one of the warships, and also to a hop given by the navy officers at the Junior Officers' Club. About a dozen officers were also invited to a dinner on board the battleship *London*, given by the "Queen's own Regiment."

We sailed at sunrise Wednesday morning. It was a gorgeous sight, and I wished I could call for repeats as I did at the little French restaurant. It seemed lonely to go away by ourselves after having been surrounded by nearly the entire Mediterranean fleet. The trip from Malta to Port Said was without particular ex-

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citement. The weather continued cold and rainy on the "beautiful blue Mediterranean," and I was glad to say good-bye to it.

Frank stayed on the boat and went through the Canal. I left Bobby in charge of the wife of one of the enlisted men, while mother and I joined a party of about forty who went to Cairo and met the Transport at Suez. I wouldn't have missed that trip if I had had to go all the way on my knees.

Cook's agent came aboard the boat, and all we had to do was to "follow the man from Cook's" and enjoy ourselves, which we did to the limit.

Port Said is a dirty place, but foreigny. It has the reputation of being the wickedest place on the map, and reasoning on the theory that "cleanliness is next to godliness," I can believe it. All the women had their faces covered, and if they were as homely as the men it is a blessed thing.

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We had a comfortable carriage on the train with a jolly couple, whom we liked, and two young lieutenants, and a swell native, who proved to be It! He was sufficiently important to have a delegation of over fifty people to see him off, and you should have seen them kiss him on both cheeks. He had something about "Canal" on his card, but as it was in his native language we couldn't make it out. I think he must either have owned it, or made it or something. We discovered in course of time that he spoke French and he told us everything about the country we were passing through. We stopped at Ismailia for luncheon (I wish you could hear me pronounce that. After a fifteen-minute lesson from the Canal man, you would think me a native of the place). The waiters were Arabs in all their gorgeousness. The first camels fairly threw us into fits—they were so picturesque—but before we left Cairo we were so hardened

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that we could see a whole cavalcade without screaming over each individual camel. Did you know that their feet are all soft and mushy, and that they flatten out?

The road from Port Said to Ismailia is the most God-forsaken place that can be imagined, and the poverty of the people is sickening. Not a tree nor a blade of grass can grow, and the huts of the people are hovels of filth. No wonder that nearly all the people are diseased. Only about one person in ten has both eyes, and there are the most revolting cripples. The railroad runs beside the Canal for miles, so we were able to see it without taking the trip through it. All the boats leave Port Said at night, and it takes seventeen hours to make the run, as they cannot go faster than six miles an hour.

It cost our Government twelve thousand dollars to run our Transport through.

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No—that seems too much. . Perhaps it was twelve hundred or maybe only one hundred and twenty. Anyway there was a twelve about it and you may call it anything you please. Figures were never my long suit.

After leaving Ismailia the country began to grow more green and the climax was reached at Cairo in the most beautiful tropical vegetation. There are palm trees of every variety, and the grass and shrubs look deliciously cool and green after the desert sand.

We arrived at four o'clock. Cook's agent had telegraphed from Port Said to engage our rooms at Shepherd's Hotel and their carriages were waiting for us. And oh Bess, they were most ornate and all the servants, either Arabs or Bedouins, wore the native costumes, immaculately clean and resplendent with gold braid and buttons. There was no delay about the luggage and before we knew it we found ourselves drawn up in front of Shepherd's. I have

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wanted you before, but it seemed at that moment as if I must have you. Shepheard's was the last straw. So many thousand people have been there for a good time, that it just seems to be in the air. You know you are going to have the time of your life, *and you have it!* There are other hotels there, newer and more expensive, but to me Shepheard's is as much a part of Cairo as the Pyramids. Such Oriental luxury! Such a garden with palm trees up to the third story windows, roses everywhere, and all kinds of strange tropical flowers in blossom in January! Beautiful Eastern rugs and hangings, fine music, and, last but not least, a delectable table!

The dining-room was a picture with exquisite Moorish lamps, and marble pillars, and high-backed chairs upholstered in scarlet leather, the waiters adding a charming bit of color with their scarlet fezzes, jackets worn over the fullest of

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white flowing trousers, and their feet encased in scarlet slippers. The orchestra of a dozen pieces played without notes, and they knew how! Dinner was perfectly served. Everything was piping hot and daintily garnished, and we did full justice to all the nine courses. For our especial benefit the orchestra played the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle," which were received with great enthusiasm. After the dinner, which lasted until about nine o'clock, some of us decided that sleep would be out of the question until we had seen something of the town, so we walked up and down the main street, gazing in all the shop windows until we were tired. Then we hunted up the Opera House, where they were playing *Aida*. We tried to buy tickets, but found that on Sunday nights the whole house is sold by subscription. It is English night and very exclusive. That made us all the more anxious to go inside. We ex-

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plained to the man in the ticket office how far we had come, and how great our disappointment was, and how we longed to see *Aida* once more before we began our two years' exile in the Philippines. He said he was sorry he could not sell us any seats, but if we cared to go in and stand up, as his guests, it would give him the keenest joy. So, to please him, we went. Oh, such jewels and flowers! Occasionally we pulled ourselves together and looked at the stage, but I am ashamed to say that for the greater part of the time we looked at the people. All were in evening dress, even up in the third balcony, and there were beautiful women. We dared not stay until the end, for fear our friends at the hotel would think we were lost, but it took a wrench to leave.

Mother and I planned to rise at six o'clock the next morning to do a little sight-seeing on our own account, before "the man from Cook's" should hustle

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us all off to the Pyramids. Imagine our horror, when we rang for hot water, to find that it was eight-thirty and the party was to start promptly at eight. That was not the only thing that filled us with horror. Imagine ringing for the chamber-maid and having her appear in the shape of an Arab standing six feet two in his stockings, arrayed in flowing robes and supporting a turban the size of a barrel! We had no time to waste in idle words, for we were both dressing as if the hotel were on fire, but occasionally mother would save breath enough to ejaculate, "Scandalous!" "Ridiculous!" Fortunately for us there were others who overslept and by swallowing our breakfasts whole we managed to overtake our party at the little station where the electric cars start for the Pyramids. Think of going to the Pyramids by electric cars!

While we waited for our car, we all invested in strawberries, put up alluringly

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in the shape of pyramids in little baskets made of woven rushes. The berries were the handsomest I have ever seen—also the most hopelessly sour and hard. As I was presented with mine, I had to make a pretense of eating them, but my path from the station to old Cheops might have been traced by strawberries. From the cars there were so many things to see that it was worse than a three-ringed circus. We crossed the Nile and had a chance to see the much talked of dahabeeyahs—and really they are not half as bad as you would think after spelling it. I hoped we might take a little boat ride, not so much for the ride as to be able to say afterwards when I go out in a boat—"This makes me think of the last time I was on the Nile," or "This is so different from the boating on the Nile." Unfortunately there was no chance for it.

We had our first glimpse of the Pyramids on our way from Ismailia to Cairo. I am

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not going to describe them, as it is impossible. They are grand—but think of the sacrilege! Under Cheops' very nose is a golf course where they tee the ball and drive with their brassy putties. I wonder the ghost of Rameses doesn't smite them.

We had our choice between riding on camels or donkeys, that were lined up waiting for us where the cars stop. While trying to decide, we saw the last donkey mounted and towed away. It then became a question, which camel. They all emitted the most blood-curdling noises when we approached, and just as we would decide on one, he would let out a vicious snarl that put him completely out of the running. In vain, we ran up and down trying to discover one with a saintly expression and dreamy eyes. One by one they disappeared, bearing our screaming but braver-hearted friends, and we were left alone. Then we grew desperate. We

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made up our minds that we would mount the next thing that showed up with two humps. Just then a camel driver approached and inquired, "You want camels?" We assured him that it was our only wish, and he said, "Wait one little time—I go my house—get John Drew and Carrie Nation." Off he flew, followed by half a dozen blue night-gowned donkey boys. I took an immediate dislike to Carrie Nation, even before I saw her, and hastened to choose John Drew. I was glad I did, for when the cavalcade returned, what do you suppose? Following close at Carrie's heels was the most adorable baby camel only nine days old. It was a darling, just like ecru velvet. Neither John nor Carrie seemed to favor the idea of going to the Pyramids. They filed loud objections to lying down, and still louder and more emphatic protests against getting up, but these were drowned by our own shrieks. I give you my word that we got

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up in eight different directions at once. Once up it was not half bad. Mother and I fully agree on this point, only she thinks it is *wholly* bad.

It behooved us to make all possible speed to catch up with the crowd, but Carriette soon became tired and fell behind. Then Madame refused to move, and the camel driver and donkey boys hustled the baby along with the aid of a stick, whereupon she emitted the dearest squeal, always the signal to Mrs. Nation to "right about face" in spite of Mother's frantic expostulations. When a camel turns around in a hurry, an earthquake seems like a trifle in comparison. I wouldn't dare to say how many times this performance was repeated, but by the time we had done the Pyramids, the Sphinx, and the Temple, I had a pain in my side from laughing and poor Mother was worn to a frazzle. She thought she had been abused, and when they charged her not

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only for her camel and camel driver and guide, but also demanded four piastres for the baby, she nearly collapsed. We had a fine guide. He told me that he went only with Americans, and after studying me closely he confided to me that he made a specialty of Yankees from Boston. Pretty good guess!

Any details you may desire in regard to what we saw—dates, dimensions, or work of construction,—you will find in Baedeker, page 182. I seem to see you making a mad rush for the book—*not!*

On the way back the guide showed us the exact spot where Moses was discovered. I was hungry enough to swallow anything, so it went!

After a delicious luncheon we formed a procession in Shepherd's victorias and took an ideal drive. We went through Old Cairo, visited an old Coptic Church, and saw an old gate that dates back to 300 B. C., which made the one at Gibraltar

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seem very up to date. Then we drove to the Citadel and saw the place where the Marmelukes jumped over the precipice, and from there to the Alabaster Mosque, where the four most beautiful rugs in the world are to be seen and you have to put on funny shoes and go scuffing around.

Even the pedlars are fascinating. They sell the prettiest dusters, made of reeds and beads, to brush away the flies, strings of beads, and shells, and funny flutes made of pieces of bamboo all bound together. I wanted every one I saw, but I had heard of a shop across the way where could be found the dearest little knives and pencils and paper-cutters, all in the shape of mummy-cases, many of them opening, with tiny little mummies inside; also little charms in the shape of baskets made of bulrushes, which on opening revealed a little black Moses, so I tried to be satisfied with buying only what I could carry.

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Of course we had to visit the market and then went back to Shepheard's, where we had tea and little cakes served out on the terrace and saw more in five minutes than could be seen anywhere else in a month. Every nationality under the sun was represented. There was a beautiful bride from Holland (her husband was with her, but he was only English), a newly married couple from Siam, several Poles and Russians, and an Arab chief and his wives, besides dozens of others.

While we were sitting there a funeral passed. First came all the little boys walking along, saying "Ya-Ya!" then the men singing a chant, then "the deceased," carried on the shoulders of eight men. Something was built up on the feet of the departed, and on top of that was his fez. It seemed to me that it would have been more sensible to put it on his head, but probably there was some good reason for it. His wives followed,—and they were

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legion. I asked the guide if they were really all "sure enough wives," and he said, "Not same like wives, but half are real wives."

After dinner a hop was given for us at the hotel, and we danced until we couldn't hold our eyes open.

The next morning the guide took us to the famous Bazaar, but everything is so expensive that I didn't buy half I wanted. The Bazaar is divided into innumerable little narrow streets, each devoted to one particular article. Wouldn't I have liked to have a thousand dollars to spend! I nearly lost my mind over the brasses! Finger bowls, lamps, trays, bowls, everything that one can conceive in brass. In another little street there was nothing but shoes; in another, a maddening display of Oriental scarfs, some embroidered and some with designs wrought in gold and silver. Another street was devoted to perfumes and sachet powders, reeking with attar of

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roses. From there we were to go to the Museum for of course we thought we could not leave Cairo without seeing Rameses; but our carriage was caught in a blockade and for half an hour we couldn't move up nor down. In vain our driver used his most effective profanity—sometimes in one language and sometimes in another, in four altogether. At last we moved, but only just in time to make a mad dash for the train. Our cars were engaged and our luggage was in them when we arrived—thanks to Cook—and we were soon flying over the road toward Suez. At noon we repaired to a dining-room car where a refreshing luncheon was served. We stopped at Nifiche a few minutes and had the good luck to find there a large party of pilgrims from Thibet, on their way to Mecca. They wore long quilted robes and immense turbans. While we were looking at them, a few of us surreptitiously “pressing the button,” without

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any warning down they all flopped on their knees. They proceeded with their devotions as oblivious of every one else as if we had been so much dirt. They threw sand over themselves and took off their shoes and banged their heads on the ground and did many funny tricks. I took some fine pictures of them both "Before" and "After."

We arrived at Suez about six o'clock, found the launch, and reached the Transport just in time for dinner. They were waiting only for us and the minute the last one was aboard, they weighed anchor and started down the Gulf of Suez.

I needn't say that we sat up until after midnight talking it all over and striving vainly to describe it to the unfortunates who stayed on board. I was glad I didn't take Bobby for it would have been too strenuous for a child, and he and Frank had had a beautiful time.

The next morning found us in the Red

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Sea, which has been like glass ever since and deliciously warm. We expect to reach Aden next Sunday. Isn't it funny how we reach each port on Sunday?

Well, I am afraid you are on the verge of "nervous proseration," as old John used to say, if you have read all this, and I have symptoms of writer's cramp; so I will ring off.

Lots of love and a big hug for yourself. Try to prepare yourself for more trouble at an early date.

Lovingly,

BETH.



January 30.

Dearest Cousin:

Here we are in the Indian Ocean, wearing our thinnest things and lying around on deck doing nothing, unless you can call watching the flying fish an occupation. They are the prettiest things,

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and there are such quantities of them, some blue, some green, and some silver. We have had ideal weather since leaving Suez, and the much maligned Indian Ocean, which all the poor sailors have been dreading, has been as smooth as glass.

We reached Aden last Sunday. It is said that the Garden of Eden was located there. There is no accounting for taste, or possibly it is greatly changed, but I assure you that at present it would not require the services of an angel with a flaming sword to keep *me* out! There is nothing gardenesque about it now and even the apple-tree is wanting. We went ashore immediately after luncheon, took carriages, and drove about five miles to the Great Tanks. They were built, as you probably know, by King Solomon and hold twenty million gallons, when full, but they have not been full for eleven years, for it usually rains not oftener than

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once in three. Now I don't wish to criticize any one with the reputation of Solomon, but it seems to me a great lack of foresight to build a tank holding twenty million gallons in a place where it rains only in leap year, or thereabouts. Of course, he may have intended to have it piped for city water, or something, but when we saw the tanks all were empty but one, and that had about enough water to wash a cat in.

I can truthfully say that the natives at Aden seem not to feel their loss keenly, and it is probably because they have never seen water.

I have never been in a country where the natives differed so widely as here. Their complexions vary from inky black to a pale, dyspeptic color, and their hair, which is woolly and strongly resembles the little mat to be found in the bottom of hacks, is dyed and bleached every color of the rainbow. In fact, there is but one

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feature in which they resemble one another and that is *dirt!* You can't imagine anything funnier than one of the jet-black men with a mop of bright orange hair sticking out from his head about four inches. Most of them look as if they were made up for a minstrel show.

We were followed the whole five miles to the Tanks by about a dozen dirty little hoodlums in the altogether, who caught hold of the carriage and ran along beside it, crying "I ain't got no Mudder, I ain't got no Fadder, I ain't got nothing to eat, and I feel so bad right here," rolling their eyes horribly and patting their little tummies. Bobby thought it must be an orphan asylum out for an airing. Some of them sang, "Daisy Bell, give me your answer, do!" They were certainly funny, but a great nuisance.

After the Tanks we visited Old Aden, and when I say that it is dirtier than Aden, I hope I have said enough. The people

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wore every possible costume, and some not even that—and the children of Bobby's age without exception wore only smiles.

We had been led to believe from the guide-books that in Aden green monkeys were as common as dirt (and that is "going some"), also sheep with tails weighing "from ten pounds up." I became nearly cross-eyed trying to do the sights and yet keep one eye always on the alert for these two unusual features, but my most conscientious search failed to discover any monkeys, green or otherwise. I am beginning to regard guide-books with cruel suspicion.

It is a great place for ostrich feathers. Plumes are cheap and beautiful, but I bought none as I thought it would be hard to keep them in the Philippines. However, at the last minute I went back and bought two ostrich fans mounted on shell, and I had one marked B. B. H. for you. I hope you will like it.

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At Aden, too, is a fascinating variety of baskets, made in the dull reds, yellows and browns, and all with tight-fitting covers. They are in all sizes from one large enough to put a grown person in to tiny little ones the size of your hand. (That was not intended to be a compliment, but you may take it as such.) It was hard to find large baskets, as that big P. & O. boat that ran away from us at Malta had just sailed after two days here and had carried away a great many. While I was running around, vainly trying for a big one, most of the little ones were snapped up, but I managed to secure a few.

Every time I leave my camera on board, the sun blazes away as if it were paid by the hour; and when I take it, it pours. It has reached the point now that the passengers implore me to leave it on the boat so that they needn't take their umbrellas. At least, I caught a great picture

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of Miss Carrie Nation which I am having copied to send you.

The table, instead of growing poorer the farther we go from the States, is better every day. Frank bought enough delicious Rioja claret at Malta to have every night as far as Manila, and I have some of my Christmas candy; so we are living like fighting-cocks.

Darling! The officer I picked out for you is married and has a daughter! Was there ever such luck? Well, just wait! You'll probably draw an Astorbilt and then you can take this trip on your own yacht. Isn't "The Lightning Conductor" great? There are seven on the waiting-list for it. Speaking of books reminds me that night before last I decided it would be a propitious time to bring out the book on astronomy and begin our study of the southern constellations. When I first broached the subject to Bobby, he was woefully lacking in enthusiasm. In fact,

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he seemed to hold a decided aversion to the study of astronomy, but when he discovered that it was to be studied after bedtime, it put on a very different aspect, and he promptly decided to make it his life work. Armed with the book and followed by Bobby and a few congenial souls who hungered for knowledge, we climbed to the upper deck and stationed ourselves beneath an electric light. The book was profusely illustrated and simple! Oh, my, yes! but not one-thousandth part as simple as I was when I bought it, for oh, my dearest Cousin! the southern constellations were conspicuous by their absence! Think of the miles I walked to buy it. I am sure I told the first five clerks that it must be illustrated, simple, and have the Southern Cross and the Ship in it, but towards the end I may have left out the important part. My disgust was beyond all words, the more so as my friends considered it a cause for

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mirth! To Bobby it was a calamity, and he is at this moment lying awake in his bunk trying to think up or invent some other study which must be attacked after bedtime.

Good-night, dear girl. Our next stop is Colombo and if it even partially comes up to the descriptions in the guide-books, it must be all right!

Good-bye until then,

BETH.



Galle Face Hotel, Colombo,

February 2.

Angel!

Where are you? Here I am in Seventh Heaven and your place as leading angel is vacant.

Oh, Bess, I thought Cairo was perfect but this place has everything I ever heard or read of done to a finish! The hotel is on the bay and with its grove of feathery

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palms, the magnificent beach, the glorious surf, the native servants as thick as flies in a bake-shop, and the setting sun, it is too beautiful to be real. I wish you could have seen us half an hour ago when we came tearing across the beach and up the driveway in three jinrikshas. Oh, such fun! The rickshaw runners here are the finest in the world, and maybe they can't make tracks! We have been here all day and have enjoyed enough to last ten years. We have seen the snake-charmers and the Hindoo jugglers, and I feel that I have lived. They arranged a fight between a cobra and a mongoose for our benefit, which was no easy matter as it was a toss-up which was more afraid of the other—but it was fearful nevertheless, and the snake was the winner. I saw them plant a seed that grew in five minutes to be a tree. I positively don't know whether I am afoot or on horseback. How I wish you were here! BETH.

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February 5.

Dearest Girl:

Here we are on the water again, and the whole stop at Colombo seems a perfect dream that defies description.

We got in early Tuesday morning and before I was dressed we were surrounded by fascinating boats made of trees hollowed out, with pieces of bamboo for oars. The boats were unique, but not a circumstance to the boys inside. They looked as if they were made out of Baker's chocolate, and as to their clothes—well they could have hung them all in No. 13. They were the dearest little fellows as they stood up in their wobbly little boats and sang "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay," keeping time by flapping their arms against their sides. Then they begged us to throw money for them to dive for. A dozen or more would be sitting on their haunches on the extreme edge of their boats calling, "Dive!" "Dive!" Suddenly a little piece of silver

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would fly through the air and before it could reach the water every boy would be under water and there would be a scrambling. The boy who found it would chuck it into his cheek (the fear of germs having evidently not reached this place) and they would begin again—"Dive! Dive!" At the end of half an hour, some of the best divers looked like squirrels, their cheeks were so puffed out. For a sixpence they would climb like monkeys, up the ropes of our boat, and dive from the hurricane-deck.

By the time I had swallowed my breakfast in two bites and reached the deck, the hindoo jugglers were on board with their cobras and magic trees, and merchants of all kinds came, some with jewels, for which Colombo is famous, some with baskets, and all with elephants. Large elephants and small elephants, ivory elephants and ebony elephants, and silver and gold elephants. How we bought!

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We all became elephant crazy and couldn't get enough. Out of consideration to the capacity of No. 13 I confined myself to the little ones.

The boat was so attractive that it seemed as if Colombo itself couldn't be nicer, but it proved to be only a taste of what we found on landing.

We walked to the Grand Oriental Hotel, a three minutes' walk from the landing, and in that short distance we saw the dearest rickshaws, funny little bull carts, natives with everything under the heavens to sell, guides in green and blue uniforms, policemen in blue and scarlet, Buddhist priests in yellow robes, Cingalese with big tortoise-shell combs in their hair, Hindoos in flowing white draperies, Afghanistans in the funniest baby blue and pink draped trousers, priests of the Sacred Temple, wearing big hats in the shape of a cow's foot,—why I could use all the ink on the boat and not tell you half that we

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saw. How I envied the animals in Revelation "with eyes before and behind," for two eyes seemed quite inadequate to the occasion.

We reached the hotel in time for luncheon where we had our introduction to curry, while the band, stationed on a balcony over our heads, regaled us with "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie," "America," and the "Star Spangled Banner." To be sure they played "Yankee Doodle" as a dirge, very *andante* and *impressionato*; but they meant well and the tune was there.

After luncheon we shopped a little, while waiting for our guide and rickshaws. The guide, by the way, said he was from Vermont, but I hate to think it for he bled us unmercifully. All the shops are built under arcades, as it is not safe to be out in the sun, and the proprietors stand outside their respective doors and beg the "dear lady" and "the master" just to *look* at their things—"Not buy, just

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look." This is an exquisitely polite race of people. I felt as if I must offer the most profuse apologies whenever I came out empty-handed. Frank bought a khaki helmet for Bobby, as his head was so unprotected that it was not safe for him to be out. I forgot to tell you that after Bobby had seen some of the enlisted men with their heads shaved we had no peace until we let him go to the barber, and such a fighting-clip as the man gave him! I think he looks like an embryonic convict and call him "Trusty No. 908," but Frank thinks it is all right and Bobby is ecstatic. No more partings for him for one time! I have taken a picture of him in his khaki suit and helmet, which I will send you if it is good.

By that time our rickshaws were waiting and with the Vermonter in the first one off we flew. We went through the European part first and saw perfect dreams of bungalows with the dearest little rick-

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shaws waiting under their porticos, and servants in liveries that rival any in the world—the liveries, not the servants—though they look as if it might be true of both. The number of servants at each house was appalling—a child a year old often has six at his disposal, and I doubt if any of them have Thursday afternoon out. We visited the museum, which is full of wonderful things, and I began to regard anything later than the flood as recent. One curious thing there is the living leaf insect. It was on a plant in a case and the only way one could tell the bug from the leaf was that it moved. Leaf and insect were about two inches long, and had the same shape and the same veinings. There were some dear little night monkeys there, about as big as your fist, with eyes like owls and little side whiskers. When we woke them up they blinked and put on the most injured expression.

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Next we went through the old native part of the town. We overtook a funeral procession and our guide said we were near the cemetery, and could see the burial if we liked. The people were too poor to have a casket and the body was carried on a sort of litter woven of palm leaves. They were too poor even to have a grave, so they hired one for two months and dug it themselves. That was bad enough, but when they removed the clothing from the corpse rather than bury it, it seemed too sordid. We were told that the woman was a bride and the poor lover had hysterics and fell down by the grave. They placed food beside the body, and then the mourners filled the grave, and stamped it down, and made a mound over it, and stuck it full of branches of flowering shrubs. All this time the lover was wailing and our hearts were wrung with pity for him in his great grief. They gave him a big jar of water, which he placed on

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his shoulder and then the only woman present took a small knife and cut two little holes in the jar so that a small stream of water ran out on both sides. With this he walked slowly around the grave while the water ran out, incidentally wetting him to the skin, and then the mourners took the jar away and smashed it at the head of the grave. The procession then started off, the lover in the lead followed by all the mourners,—and the *laundry man* brought up the rear with the *clothes*! When we saw them next, about fifteen minutes later, as we had taken in a high-caste funeral in the meantime, they were having a picnic by the roadside, eating and drinking and having a regular jollification. The recently bereaved lover seemed to be making goo-goo eyes at the woman. O, Fickleness! thy name is Man!

After that we went to a cinnamon grove but I must be honest and say that never

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once did I breathe any of the spicy breezes. I think they are like the green monkeys of Aden—a blooming lie. We began to search for that spicy smell when we were fifty miles outside of Ceylon, as we had been assured by our guide-books that the atmosphere for miles was heavy with it. In vain we sniffed and sniffed from every possible angle. Nothing more spicy than warm machine oil greeted our olfactory nerves. In the early morning I thought I noticed a new odor. It was very slight and elusive, but I traced it around to the starboard-side and it proved to be breakfast bacon! My dear! When I write a guide-book I shall put in nothing about smells that aren't there, neither will I fill a trusting mind with visions of emerald-hued monkeys on a chance that no one will be foolish enough to discover the fraud.

We enjoyed the drive to the Country Club, where they were playing a lively game of polo, in spite of the heat, and we

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visited the Barracks, passing on the way about fifty members of the Salvation Army. You can't imagine how funny they looked in flowing red and white robes, playing on tambourines.

We took dinner at the Galle Face Hotel, where I wrote you a note. After dinner we sat out on the terrace, where they had little tables and delightfully comfortable lounging chairs, and had our coffee and cordial while the officers smoked; and we were all glad we came. The waves were rolling in at the foot of the terrace, and when one of the native servants pressed a button and little red, blue, yellow and white stars began to appear all through the grove of beautiful palms and lovely shrubs scattered here and there, even to the very top of the tallest palm, it was like fairy-land. Bobby was wild over it. He is not usually enthusiastic over scenery, but that scene would have appealed to a Cigar Indian, and, besides,

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he was sitting up after his bedtime, which always makes him blissful. He grew rather sporty as the evening progressed and wanted to smoke a cigarette. You may imagine our horror, but it was as nothing to our consternation when he announced in an F. F. treble, "Why it's nothing new. I smoked two once with Albert Brown."

At last we had to drag ourselves away, and we hired four lovely rubber-tired white upholstered rickshaws, and away we went to the boat. It was about a mile to the boat-landing over an ideal road of hard red clay, with a glorious full moon overhead and the ocean beside us most of the way. It was adorable! The Buddhists believe this is forty miles from Heaven, but I think they overestimate the distance.

We went to bed about midnight but were up again by seven and on shore by eight, where our guide was waiting for us.

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We devoted the whole morning to shopping. We went all through quaint Slave Island, where they make everything that can be made from rattan. Frank bought a clothes basket large enough to hold all the clothes we ever did or ever shall possess, but I tell Bobby it will do to shut him up in when he is obstreperous. After luncheon we drove to the largest Buddhist Temple and saw a reclining Buddha, seventy feet long. It was not a pretty sight and to my untrained eye seemed woefully lacking in expression. The eyes may have been sapphires, but they were not becoming. We were deeply impressed by a row of pictures depicting the various hells that await evil-doers. Every known sin has its particular hell and I think if I were a Buddhist I would walk the straight and narrow. The only one I remember this minute is the hell where one goes who has sassed a mother-in-law. Swarms of the most uncongenial-looking bugs were

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crawling all over their victims. My, but it looked like an unhealthy spot. Then we went to the Mount Lavinia Hotel, about seven miles from town, where we had tea and lemonade and cakes. If I had not seen the terrace at the Galle Face I should have thought this the most beautiful place in the world, but nothing can ever quite equal that. They gave a dance for us at the Galle Face in the evening and I have never seen a more gorgeous dance hall. The floor was like glass, and two servants went over it with white cloths after each dance. The punkahwallers kept great punkahs, the width of the room, going every minute. I thought I was dead tired, but I danced until twelve-thirty, and had to divide nearly every dance. I met a charming man from Canada, a colonel in the British Army, and in fun I asked him if he knew General W. W. Henry of Canada. If you'll believe it, he was his chum at King's College. I

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had to acknowledge that personally I did not know General Henry, but that the dearest girl in the world, who happened to be my cousin, had visited at his home in Canada. Wasn't it a coincidence?

Yesterday we had two hours on shore before sailing, and I bought a lovely chair carved all over with elephants, and some gorgeous finger-bowls. Nearly every one bought at least one ring and many bought three—rubies, sapphires, and diamonds in English settings—but those that I could buy I didn't want, and *vice-versa*.

After sailing, a little native boy about Bobby's age was discovered hidden away in the pantry and we have all been at work to-day fitting him out in good old United States clothes. He is a beauty with great big black eyes and is running away from a circus where he has been abused. He is a contortionist and can tie himself into a true-lover's knot as easy as winking. At present he is polishing silver in the galley

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and making himself generally useful. Another stowaway was discovered to-day—an enlisted man from the English Army—but I have no sympathy for him. Imagine deserting when stationed at Colombo!

Before we sailed, the Hindoo jugglers came out to the boat again and I attempted to take a picture of a cobra for you, but I fear it will not be a success. The Hindoo in his anxiety to have his pet “sit up and look pleasant, please” prodded him from the rear, whereupon, just as I was about to press the button, he made a lunge in my direction. I promptly dropped the camera and tried in frantic haste to scale the ladies’ cabin. He had another snake that was even worse than the cobra and he wanted me to take a picture of that, but there was nothing doing! It was about seven feet long, not as large around as a pencil, and very *green*—so green it made one sick to look at it, and the way it squirmed over the ground and spit! My

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skin feels loose now when I think of it.

We have had not a drop of rain since we left Malta,—just perfect weather and glorious evenings. We dance or sit around on deck until midnight, and it is hard to leave it then. We are seeing the Southern Cross now, and the Dipper is upside down.

Our string orchestra grows better every day. They give us delightful concerts every evening and have all the newest airs. They played for the dance at the Galle Face the other night, and the English officers went wild over it and made them play some of the pieces over four times.

I have not answered all my letters yet and I really must write one or two before the ink is all gone. I can't help thinking what a boon these letters would have been to you last winter with coal at fifteen dollars a ton. I apologize for this last page. I know you can't read half of it—but a certain amount of mystery may add zest.

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Give lots of love "to all inquiring friends" and hug yourself for me.

Lovingly,

BETH.



Dearest Bess:

February 20.

This boat looks like the first of May. Everybody is rushing around with boxes and bundles; trunks are being hustled up from the trunk-room to be packed and then hustled down again; machines are being crated (for you must know that some of the industrious ones had their sewing machines up on deck); the fortunate possessors of big Aden baskets are having them done up; and those who purchased horns of the ibex and various other kinds of circus animals for sale at Aden, are wishing they hadn't, for they simply refuse to be packed anywhere. I have a picture of them landing at Manila, a suit-case in one hand, a pair of sprawling

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horns madly clutched in the other! All this excitement because we are nearly at our journey's end, and I for one am heartily sorry, although of course we are all greatly interested in seeing the Philippines, where our next two years are to be spent. I have sent the striker for our trunks to pack away all the things that we have been able by means of hooks and nails and hanging-shelves and wall-pockets to stow in No. 13, and as I know that I am up against a problem that will last until we are in the harbor, I am going to have one more letter ready to mail to you at Manila.

This morning there was the greatest consternation among the ladies when some of the officers came up on deck after inspection and announced that by order all the dogs which had become attached to the various troops during the trip were to be thrown overboard at noon. None were to be allowed to go ashore and all

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without exception were doomed. Terriers of all descriptions which had mysteriously been annexed at nearly every port, asthmatic old bull-dogs, mascots from the Cuban campaign, dear to the hearts of every enlisted man down to the last raw recruit, and even those adorable little Maltese dogs were to be sacrificed. Do you wonder we forgot our packing and everything else in a gallant rally to their rescue? The officers described the touching partings that were now taking place—old sergeants of four enlistments shedding scalding tears,—until we were prepared to call upon the general and beg for mercy. When they had us stirred up to that point, one of the officers said, “Just wait! At twelve o’clock you will see the procession, headed by the ranking sergeant, advance to the ship’s rail, each with his loving pet pressed close to his heaving breast and at a signal they will throw them into the bounding billows, and all join in the chorus

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‘My bark is on the sea!’ ” Then we knew the whole thing was a joke and what we did to them was a plenty!

I must remember something about Singapore, but when we reached there my mind was still so full of the beauties of Colombo, that there was only the tiniest corner left to take in anything more. I should hate to be the next place on the map to Colombo! Compared to that, any place would lose out and Singapore was no exception, though had we seen it first it would probably have struck us differently. I remember that it is situated almost exactly on the equator and its principal feature was the Chinaman. He was everywhere and as to me he is not particularly picturesque and we can see him in the laundries at home any day, there is no novelty about him. More than three-fourths of the population is Chinese. Sir Stanford Raffles seems to have been the father and fairy-godmother of Singa-

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pore. He purchased it and did away with piracy on the coast, then he regulated the laws and established a college, with the result that you ride down Raffles Road, are shown Sir Raffles' monument, pass by Raffles Institute, see the monument erected to Lady Raffles, and finally draw up at Raffles Hotel. When we reached the hotel our rickshaw man wanted more than we thought he should ask. Frank argued in English and he argued in Chinese, but all to no purpose. At last the rickshaw man caught sight of a porter from the hotel and called him to come and see that he got his fare. After hearing both sides, the porter gave him just one minute to wipe himself off the scene and wouldn't let Frank pay him anything, because he had overcharged. He went, and at a lively pace, too, but he looked cross enough to chew tacks, and all the time we were in Singapore, I was in deadly terror that he would appear and murder us in cold blood.

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The hotel is famous for its Sherry Cobbler, justly so we thought after trying it. Singapore is a free port and as there are many good European shops there, many of the officers and ladies took advantage of the wonderfully low prices to have linen uniforms and suits made. Mother ordered a skirt and inside of five hours it came entirely finished and very well made. Mother, Bobby and I took one of the funny carriages with Venetian blinds in place of windows and drove around the town, finally letting the driver leave us at High Street, which is the street for foreign things. I took a picture of Mother and Bobby in the carriage and it looks just like the pictures we used to make in school of a black cat in a dark cellar. Now that it has stopped raining, I suppose my camera will begin to do things. If you or Jennie were here you would probably know just how to manage it, but to me it is the most mysterious thing on earth.

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Frank's duties have interfered somewhat with going on shore at some of the ports, but the second day at Singapore he was ashore all day and we had a jolly time. We shopped in the morning, buying among other things some great lounging chairs that will be fine for the Philippines! For luncheon we went to a new hotel famous for its curry. Frank is a connoisseur on the subject and he is never happier than when putting in a spoonful of this, two spoonfuls of that, a shake of something else, "just a suggestion" from half a dozen other mysterious looking dishes, and finishing by powdering over the top some awful dried fish that smells to Heaven. At his earnest solicitation and with minute directions I went through all the preparations and almost tasted it, but at the last minute my courage failed and I ordered a salad.

After luncheon Frank wanted to visit the garrison, and then we drove to the

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Botanical Gardens which are very fine. A funny old baboon came near putting an end to Frank's sight-seeing. We were standing near the cage, and whether she disapproved of Frank's general appearance or of an uncomplimentary remark he made in regard to her we shall never know, but quick as a wink, she reached down, seized a rock from the bottom of her cage and hurled it, with an aim worthy of a Champion League pitcher, directly at Frank's left eye. He dodged and it just grazed him, but it was a close call. From a safe distance, I told her what I thought of her while she danced up and down on her toes and said things that I refuse to write.

After dinner at the Raffles we took a double rickshaw and went through the Chinese quarter. On the way we passed the village of boats, a curious place. You could walk three or four blocks in any direction by stepping from one boat to

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another. I did not try it as the place was permeated by a smell much less elusive than Ceylon's spicy odors. It was there in bunches!

We visited a Buddhist Temple where they were setting off fire-crackers and where a table was covered with all sorts of food surrounding a large freshly roasted pig. It seemed to be a toss-up between a Fourth of July celebration and a barbecue. The Chinese Theatre was interesting and the costumes were exquisite, heavy with gorgeous embroidery, but we two were the only Europeans there and the Chinese near us looked ugly, as if they were saying "Pigs" and other things inside; so we didn't stay long.

We had a dreadful time finding the Transport as she had moved down to the coal wharves where she had been coaling all day.

Early next morning we sailed and since then every one has been busy finishing

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letters to mail at Manila. My next letter will be written from the land of our "brown brothers" and I am hoping to find oodles of mail from you, waiting for me. The trunks are here and I must get busy.

With a big hug—

BETH.



Mariquina Valley,

February 26.

Dearest Bess:

It seems months ago that the dear old Transport pulled into her moorings in Manila bay after her nine weeks' trip. How I hated to say good-bye to her and the splendid ship's officers, who had made the trip delightful, not to mention the other two squadrons, whom we might not see again for two years as our regiment was to be divided.

We were all more or less teary, even

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those who had been sea-sick all the way over, and when eight sacks of mail came on board and were distributed, those who were left out simply gave themselves over to woe. I was among the number. I retired to No. 13, as a fitting place, and howled! Not a letter, not even a notice from the Equitable Life, which at home seems to arrive about twice a month, and not even a bill! and there were people on all sides of us with more mail than they could hold in both hands!

I couldn't stay down there long, for you can imagine how excited every one was to learn where we were to be sent, as nothing was known definitely until we reached Manila; so back I went. Soon we were surrounded by launches, and the officers and ladies of our regiment who came out via San Francisco came aboard, and it was good to see them again, and there was much to talk over. We found that Frank's troop was to be stationed at

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Mariquina, a place about ten or eleven miles from Manila, to guard the Mariquina River, which is Manila's water supply. It is a very good station and we are delighted to be near town.

Soon the big native boats called Banquos came alongside. The men and officers went aboard and started for their respective stations, leaving their poor wives to look after themselves as best they could until arrangements could be made for them. When we were taken ashore we were met by funny little carriages drawn by diminutive ponies, the drivers' seats fastened on behind. We were given the address of a hotel in the walled city, said to be good, and started off at a good brisk trot past the Quartermaster's Department out on the famous Malecon Drive, that runs along the waterfront and is bordered on either side by beautiful palm trees. We drove through a quaint old stone gateway, up a number of foreign-looking streets across

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a moat and through another mediæval gateway into the walled city, and we soon found ourselves drawn up in the courtyard of the hotel where we were to stay until the officers were ready for us. We ascended a flight of stone steps to the main floor of the house and found it a Spanish looking place, not prepossessing. From the big living-room one could look across into the kitchen, which did not tend to invite an appetite. There seemed to be an unnecessary number of hens and pigs and flies and unsavory-looking servants, and on the whole I was far from pleased, but it had been recommended and was central, and as it would be for only a few days at most, we decided to stay.

After dinner, Bobby and I hired a carriage and took a beautiful ride on the Lunetta. All Manila drives there on the bay after dinner, and the native band plays, and the ladies in their pretty summer frocks and the officers in their uniforms

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make it most attractive. Many of the English residents and army officers have their own victorias and ponies, and with their cocheros and footmen in white liv-
eries give the place quite an Eastern air.

We drove until dark, and then went back to our hotel and early to our beds as we were desperately tired. We were soon up again. I awoke with a start from dreaming that I was dead and was expiating my sin in having sassed my mother-in-law, but the dream did not approach the reality. Some of our party are willing to swear that they were pulled bodily out of their beds, but we did not wait to have force used. Such a night! It was a horror! I sat up on a hardwood chair—the hardest wood I have ever encountered—all night long sewed up in my mackintosh, listening to the mercury gaily boiling in the thermometer and inventing agonizing and long drawn-out deaths for the woman who advised us to stay at this hotel! Poor

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Mother and Bobby were in the same sad plight, and certainly it was the longest night I have ever known. As soon as it was light I was out on the war-path to find another hotel. This time we were more fortunate. We had two big airy rooms looking right out on the open space in front of a big Catholic Church. Everything was delightfully clean. An Italian had charge of the cuisine, the table was excellent, and we had the benefit of the good music at the church. Our beds were immense mahogany four-posters, quiet and orderly, and in place of a mattress or springs, they were covered with woven cane like our cane-seated chairs at home, very comfortable, and delightfully cool! We were too sleepy to do much but sleep all day, but we stayed awake in the afternoon long enough to visit the Escolta, which is the business street of the town. The European shops are very good and there are beautiful

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East Indian Bazaars. The post-office is on this street, and also Clarke's, which seems to be the Huyler's of Manila.

The Manila horse-car is killing, about half the size of ours, with curtains along the sides to keep the sun out, drawn by a pony about as big as a minute! The conductor has a toy horn which he blows with every breath to clear the track, and the whole thing looks like a huge joke. They are laying the tracks now for electric cars which will soon be running, but I am glad to have seen the old horse-cars.

On the way back we went over the Bridge of Spain, which is considered very beautiful. I fear that as usual my mind was more on the people and odd-looking vehicles than on the architectural beauties of the bridge itself. The natives are without exception as "spick and span" as soap and water can make them. Their principal recreation is bathing and even the poorest seem to have clothes enough to be always

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neatly dressed. The men wear loose trousers and long loose coats, the fronts sometimes beautifully embroidered. The women wear low-necked, short-sleeved bodices, coming just to the waist, and kerchiefs starched as stiff as tin. Instead of skirts, they use a long piece of cloth, which they wind tight around the waist and tuck the end under. It appears as if there were nothing but the grace of God to keep them on, but they stay just the same!

The next day we received word that the officers were ready for us. This proved to be a mistake in Frank's case, and he knew nothing about our coming until it was too late to stop us. Two big ambulances, drawn by government mules, were sent down for us and we were loaded in and started off on the last stage of our long trip. Every inch of the road was interesting and the native shacks, fighting-cocks, and carabao kept us busy.

Our entrance into the Mariquina Valley

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was nothing if not spectacular! As a rule views are said to burst upon the traveller but, as that is hackneyed, we burst upon the view. It happened thus!

Just before reaching the Mariquina River there is a terribly steep hill road, which descends in many zig-zags and fancy curves, finally twisting itself through a rather narrow gateway between two stone posts, directly into the middle of one of the Posts occupied by part of our Squadron. Not only is the hill precipitous, but the narrow road is flanked on one side by a deep valley and on the other by cliffs. Hardly had we started when the brake broke, sending the ambulance on the heels of the nearest mules, who promptly started to gallop—whereupon the leaders naturally did the same. The other ambulance was ahead of us, also two carabao teams, one coming up, the other going down, and the road, which was narrow at best, seemed to shrink perceptibly.

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I gave an exhibition of vocal power, which will go down in history in that part of the island. I exhorted every one to "Look out!" in English, French, and pigeon Spanish, interspersed with Indian war-whoops. It proved effective and convincing, and as we rushed madly by I caught glimpses of ambulances and carabao teams frantically climbing to get out of our way. At times, we hung over the precipice by a hair; again we attempted to scale the side of the cliff, the ambulance rocking like a ship in a gale. At last the gateway appeared ahead of us. It looked about the size of a rat-hole and the only thing that remained undetermined was which gate-post we should be smashed against, when to our great surprise and relief we shot through it with fully a quarter of an inch leeway on one side.

The garrison, hearing the terrific din, thought it was an attack from Ladrones, and we were met by the entire strength

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of the Post! The poor natives in the vicinity, laboring under the same mistaken idea, fled for their lives and some of them didn't get back for two days. The road here was fortunately level, and that, combined with the strength of a dozen husky troopers, finally brought us to a stop, and we were able to take account of stock. To our surprise we found no bones broken but when I tell you that I was speechless, you will realize how serious the affair really was! Mother was as hoarse as if she had led the rooting at an Army and Navy game, and Bobby, until now too busy hanging on to think of anything else, seized the opportunity to howl!

The men soon had us patched up and we were able to start on our way again. We had to ford the river, which was rather exciting, though comparatively tame after our recent experience, and then our road lay between rows of shacks and rice paddies to our own station. Frank and

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his lieutenant were waiting for us and gave us a royal welcome, though it must have put them to no end of trouble to have us descend upon them so unexpectedly.

The house is built of stone with a tin roof, and has a hardwood floor. You'll notice I do not say *floors*, for it consists of one large room and two little ones, not much larger than closets, which are occupied respectively by the Chinese cook, and by our muchacho and the trunks.

Mother, the lieutenant's mother, Bobby, Frank and I all slept in *the* room that first night. Did I say *slept*? I should have said we occupied the room, as there were only two Q. M. bunks, one belonging to the lieutenant which he gave to his mother, and Frank's which he gave to mamma. Fortunately, we had our Singapore chairs, without which we should probably have been hung up on hooks around the room.

We found that the doctor, who is stationed here to take care of us all, lives in a

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shack across the street and has a fine Chinese cook, and we are messing with him. For dinner the first night we had delicious bread and rolls, roast beef, salad, ice cream, and the nicest cake; and everything was daintily served—the mashed potato appearing in the shape of a Chinese pagoda. The cook makes the dearest little baking-powder biscuits hardly bigger than a thimble, and we have good butter from Australia and plenty of ice. I know I am saying a great deal about “chow,” but we expected such privations that it really seems too good to be true.

The first of next month I am to begin running the mess and when Sing was first told of the new arrangement, he declared to Frank and the doctor that he would leave *at once!* “Never worked for petticoats! Never will!” This was most uncomplimentary and disconcerting for me, as a good cook is a rare and costly jewel out here. I decided to take the bull

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by the horns and hunted up Sing in his little kitchen in the middle of his pots and pans, and had a real heart-to-heart talk with him. As you know, I have never kissed the blarney stone, but I dug up all the prettiest speeches I could remember or invent. I told him that the dream of my life had been to have a Chinese cook and that I regarded him as a direct answer to prayer, and much more on the same line. I could not tell whether I was making any impression on his stony heart or not, as he merely smiled and smiled, but when I stopped for lack of breath, he remarked with decision, "I stay," and I could have hugged him.

We are on the main street of the town, surrounded on all sides by native shacks. A telephone keeps us in touch with the rest of our Squadron, and every morning we get all the cable news from Manila, so I am quite up on current events.

The Mariquina orchestra, which is

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hired for all the dances miles around, practices all the new rag-times and waltzes back of our house every evening. You know they are born musicians.

The cock-pit is only a minute's walk from here and we can always tell when a fight is going on, for it sounds like the Stock Exchange during a panic! Every native in Mariquina—and there are eight thousand—owns at least one fighting-cock, and it is the drollest thing to see them developing their muscles by massage, bathing them, and talking to them. They love them as if they were their own flesh and blood, and a little bit more. If you want to make yourself perfectly solid with a native you have only to admire his bird.

We are eleven miles from Manila. The nearest Post, the pumping station, is about a mile and a half nearer town and the other about seven miles above us, so we are a sort of halfway house, and every one stops here on the way to or from town—an

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arrangement we thoroughly enjoy. We have no transportation at present, but have been promised some very soon; also a larger house. The lieutenant and his mother live in the doctor's house now, but although we have divided our room into two parts by hanging up a big American flag, and are quite comfortable, yet we could use a few more rooms if we had them.

We have joined the American Library in Manila and expect to enjoy it very much. They have all the new fiction and also an unusually fine collection of books on Japan, which is just what we want.

The view from our house is very pretty, looking off across the rice fields to some low mountains covered with every shade of green. The house is surrounded by banana palms that poke their big leaves into our windows, for all the world as if they wanted to see what Americans are like.

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This place has a great reputation as a health resort and many natives come here to be cured of all sorts of diseases. The people all seem very happy and jolly, and go about singing. They seem pleased if we say "good morning" to them as most of them can say that and take pleasure in rolling it off their tongues.

They have a town crier that takes me back to our summers in Nantucket! He is hired by the month to come and stand in front of the house and tell all the news of the day. He came to the house next to ours the day we arrived and gave them a long spiel, in Tagalog of course, about the three American ladies and a little boy who had come to town. He described us minutely, all in a funny sing-song, the natives standing around with their mouths wide open and their eyes popping out. I would have given much purple and fine linen to have known just what he said.

For the first time Bobby is having his

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suits made to order. They are blue military suits and the tailor is a regular character. He can speak only ten words of English, but his work is fine. He charges seventy-five cents apiece for the suits.

We visited the school this morning to see the closing exercises, before the ten weeks' vacation which begins to-morrow. You would have gone wild over it! Three hundred children all the way from five to twenty-one or twenty-two years of age sang "America" and "Home Sweet Home" and "Good-night, Ladies" for us, and several recited pieces. One small boy about six recited "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and I give you my word he did the whole three verses in two breaths. I tried not to laugh, but saved an explosion only by clapping until my hands ached. I told the teacher, a young American fellow, that I had a cousin at home who was greatly interested in education, and

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asked him to give me a sample of the writing of pupils who have been in the school only five months. What do you suppose he is going to do? They are to write letters telling about our visit to the school and about the village of Mariquina, and I am to have all I want to send you. I will enclose a copy of the rules adopted by the native school committee which are framed and hung up in the main hall. I shall spell the words exactly as they are in the original—so you needn't lay the mistakes to me.

The American has six women assisting him, and the six members of the school committee each teach an hour or two a day without any pay. Imagine the members of our school committee at home, teaching either with or without pay! *I* have been invited to teach. Imagine that if you can! I may take the professorship in spelling, but a lack of time will prevent me from teaching the other courses.

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They all use the broadest A's and have great trouble with the th's, and it is the greatest fun to hear them read! We stayed nearly an hour, but I don't know where the time went.

Yesterday I met the Presidente, the Teddy of Mariquina, and as he could not speak a word of English and I could not speak a word of Tagalog or Spanish, our conversation was slightly curtailed. By means of an interpreter, he told me that it was the greatest honor he had yet had, and I told him that my life had been a blank until I met him; and then we proceeded to smile at each other like Cheshire cats for about ten minutes.

I am determined to learn Tagalog and brought a primer home from the school to be absorbed at odd moments.

Sunday the Archbishop of Manila is coming out to spend the day, and we were tendered the honor of entertaining him,—I suppose because Frank is the command-

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ing officer at this Post,—but we were forced to regret owing to lack of room. We are all going to hear him preach, however, and go to the reception which is to be given for him.

I had a fine ride yesterday afternoon with one of the officers from the Post above us, down to the pumping station and back. Our host made us sit on his gorgeous porch, floored with white tiles and cooled by huge punkahs that go by water-power, while he made us refreshing mint-juleps, with mint raised from a little piece he brought in a tin can all the way from Virginia. Oh, it was good! We came away longing to meet our enemies that we might fall upon their necks and embrace them.

Now I will let you off until next time. Give love to the dear people at home and remember that we have two mails a week and reckon time by them. Be a good girl, write often and remember

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that I think you are a dear, and wish I could hug you this minute.

Lovingly,

BETH.



March 1.

Dear Bess:

The teacher has just brought me the letters and I will enclose the best one. Isn't it too delicious!

We began Bobby's stamp-book yesterday and also his school. For every study that he gets a credit in I give him a stamp from those you and Jennie sent him. It is going to be a perfect snap for me, and I am as much interested in finding where they belong as he is. I had such fun with those dear little flags you sent for me Washington's birthday. I gave two away to some of the little brown brothers and they were tickled almost to death.

Breakfast waits.

Lovingly, BETH.

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P. S. The captain referred to in the letter is Frank.

RULES

The committee of this school agreed to the following: viz.—

1st. Classes will begin at 8 o'clock to 10 o'clock A.M. and from 2 o'clock to 3 o'clock P.M.

2nd. It is impolice to laugh at the mistakes of a scholar in trying to read English.

3rd. Do not make unnecessary in or around noise the school.

4th. The pupils must respect and obey their teachers.

5th. The boys must not make love to the ladies in class; and the girls must not flirt with the boys.

6th. Any one who has a personal grievance can present it to the committee of the school.

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Mrs. Arnold, Friday, February 26.

Mariquina Rizal, P. I.

We had this morning a great holiday for the Mrs. Arnold came to visit our school. So that we were very glad.

I will tell you about the Mrs. Arnold she is a good man and kind. When we were standed he said, we may sit down on the bench.

I will tell you about the great the Public school of Mariquina. Mariquina is a town near of Manila. Mariquina River, and Pasig river had came from the Montalvan mountains. Mariquina is south east of Manila, north east of San Matco, south west of Pasig. Mariquina 12 miles far in Manila. San Matco 6 miles far from Mariquina, and Pasig is 7 miles from Mariquina.

Mariquina has a church and priest Mr. Vicente Estacio. The trade of the in Mariquina, shoe maker, and baker, tailor, barber, carpenter, and work of

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the land. This country has a cuentel, and Pharmacy, limonedemaker, and theatre, near of the church.

This town has a school, 425 pupils are in the school studying English. Our teacher is name Mr. Potenciano Diguanco.

I will tell you about the feast. Last monday we had a great holiday in honor of George Washington at 22th February, 19—. We had singing and reading. My teacher invited the orchestra and captain of this country, and there were many people in the school. They had some dresses in the school, there were many pictures the hanging on the wooden side. The photographer took us a photograph in the school.

This country has a president whose name was Domingo Salvador.

Santiago Victorino.

Barrio San Ysidro. Your truly,
Mariquina Rizal P. I. February 26th.

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Mariquina, Rizal.

March 20.

Dearest Cousin:

I can't tell you what a treat your letter was! Our first home mail came just a week after we arrived, and we all sat around goggle-eyed to drink in every word.

I am simply in love with the Philippines. The heat suits me and everything is very foreign. Twenty times a day I say, "Oh, wouldn't Bess enjoy this!" The children are fascinating and the costumes gorgeous. Such combinations in colors and such variety in veils and hats!

The natives seem friendly and bring us presents of flowers, fresh eggs and fruit. I fully believe in them, but the officers, especially those who were out here in '98, are inclined to take everything with a grain of salt. We have been to call on several and find them hospitality itself! They always offer us enormous cigars and cannot understand why we refuse.

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If I thought I had a chance of recovering after it I would take one at the next place we visit, just for the fun of seeing Mother's face. A Samoan lady, across the street from us, the wife of one of the health inspectors, has kept me supplied with beautiful flowers,—gorgeously tropical and sweet; Grace with her passion for botany would be crazy over them. The village is full of Ylang-Ylang trees, and hundreds of pounds of the blossoms are sent to Manila every year to be made into perfume. They are sweeter than orange blossoms.

Several pretty birds have been presented to Bobby. You might think this a charming feature of the place, but it is not, as the poor things are always given in pairs, tied on either end of a string about five feet long. Either the birds are deficient in grey matter or else they have not practiced flying in the same direction at the same time, as is necessary for success in three-legged races, for the result is

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a fearful flutteration, with tie-ups on hooks and nails and hanging-lamps. I have to hustle to the rescue and untangle them only to see the poor foolish things select a more inaccessible place and proceed, evidently with suicidal intent, to hang themselves all over again.

The first pair came from the woman next door, who has been very kind to us. I hated to seem ungrateful so I put up with this nerve-racking state of affairs for nearly twelve hours, but at the end of that time they unfortunately (?) and inexplicably (?) became untied and flew out of the window!

A day or two later *Mary Devil* delivered his offering in the shape of two dear little yellow birds on the ends of the inevitable string. This time I had Hillario, our muchacho, build a big cage and we tried to make them comfortable, but they soon died. Shortly after Mary Devil appeared with two more birds. This time I made

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no bones of the matter. I told him that it made Americans sick to see birds tied on strings but that I was glad he had brought them and I would pay him a cent for every bird he could find tied up, if he would bring it to me and let me set it free. His face radiated joy and he departed at a gallop. Inside of an hour he was back with all the birds he could handle, followed by about a dozen other small boys all similarly loaded. I paid them, set the birds free and away they went. About an hour later I was again called away from my book by another delegation with still more birds. All the morning this went on, and when shortly after luncheon a still larger procession was seen approaching, each small chocolate kid bearing two poor struggling birds, the affair grew serious. I could see Frank's entire pay account flying up to Heaven in the shape of small fluttering songsters, and though it might be a poetical idea

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it wouldn't go far towards paying our mess bill at the end of the month, and I was obliged to call a halt.

This, as you may imagine, was a bitter disappointment to the boys who thought they had discovered a veritable gold mine. Mary Devil, who had appointed himself president of the Bird Trust and was evidently making a little on the side, was distinctly put out.

Frank declares that I bought the same birds three times over, as they caught them in the meantime and brought them back, but how was I to tell? We had no Bertillon system for identification.

Before I let the last bunch of boys depart I delivered a lecture worthy of a charter member of the Audubon Society, and whether they grasped all the fine points or not, I have certainly seen no more dangling birds.

Something is going on here all the time,—funerals, weddings, christenings, cock-

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fighths,—and last week about a thousand children were confirmed by the Archbishop. He comes from St. Louis and is one of the most charming men I have ever met. He does not speak Tagalog, so he had to bring monks with him to hear confessions, and to preach. They were exactly like the monks of mediæval times one reads about, or sees on the stage, tonsured and clad in brown habits, with girdles made of knotted rope and sandals on their bare feet.

Yesterday was St. Joseph's Day and there were tremendous doings at the church. The choir was assisted by the entire orchestra and there was a procession, but they say Easter is the grand occasion here.

Bobby does pretty well with his lessons, but he finds the days long with no child to play with. Yesterday he came to me to know what he could do. I suggested that he should take the Spanish dictionary and look up the words that we should be

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most apt to use in talking with the natives. By and by I looked to see what progress he was making and found that the only word he had looked up and noted down was the Spanish for "damn." This may supply the anti-imperialists with fresh fuel, but it is too good to keep.

We have just received the greatest piece of good news. Frank applied some time ago for the house that used to belong to the presidente and word has just come that we may take it. It is a perfect palace! I will at once take a picture of it for you. It is the only house in the town that boasts a front yard and real glass windows, and the rooms are all fine and large. The living-room is large enough for fifty couples to dance, the bedrooms are all over twenty feet square and the dining-room much larger. It will be a change after living all in one room. Do come and visit us! I thought it would not be proper to ask you before, but now there will

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be room for you all, and I will give a "baile" for you as soon as you arrive. If you *only* could!

I am trying to think what each one of you would like best about this place. Uncle Sam would be able to speak Tagalog like a native inside of a week. You would be entirely monopolized by the children and if Aunt Fanny needed anything more than the climate to cure her entirely, I would have Damas Santas come in and say "Mary's Little Lamb." I hear him say it at least once a day, and every time it is funnier. Frank insists on calling him "Mary Devil," and he certainly looks the part for it would be hard to find a more impish bit of humanity. Sometimes I reward him by saying "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star," in Tagalog and he writhes with mirth. We are enjoying everything, and your letter describing the fearful cold at home made us feel more luxurious than ever, lying around in our kimonas in

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lounging chairs. You know what cold bodies we are, too. It is cool enough here in the morning to go to market or ride until about nine o'clock. Then it is pretty hot in the sun until five, but very comfortable in the house with nothing to do—the muchachos do all but breathe and eat for us,—and the evenings are glorious.

Bobby has a good time with our muchacho, Hillario, who is just a bunch of fun and mischief. This morning, while we were dressing, the door was opened very cautiously and a brown fist thrust into the room.

I happened to be watching the performance, and imagine my terror when the fist opened and out dropped an enormous brown spider on the floor. If it had been a lighted bomb it could not have caused more of a panic. We climbed on everything available. I selected a set of bamboo shelves, never intended to hold anything but light clothing, and just as

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I nearly reached the top, in spite of awful creakings and crackings, the spider decided that he wanted to see something on the top shelf and I almost broke my neck getting down. All this time Mother and Bobby, perched on two chairs, were screaming. At this point Frank came to the rescue. He opened the door and gave Hillario just two minutes to find that spider and carry it out. In vain Hillario protested that it was perfectly harmless and that he just put it in for Bobby to see. It was no easy job to locate Mr. Spider. Poor Hillario had to remove every piece of clothing from the shelves and at last it was discovered resting comfortably in one of my shirt waists. After the lecture Frank gave him, Hillario will try no more jokes of that kind.

Now I must follow the rest of my family to bed as we are going in the morning to San Mateo, the Post above us, and shall have to make an early start.

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Give my love to all and don't get cold
in that freezing old New England.

Lovingly,

BETH.



Mariquina Rizal,

April 8.

Dearest Bess:

I was not disappointed in the last mail, for it brought me the long-hoped-for letters from you, and those dear pictures of the old home. They couldn't be better, and I can't tell you how glad we are to have them! I am amazed to find how little has happened since I wrote you last, and yet the time has simply flown.

I ought to keep the most important thing for the last as a climax, but I can't wait to tell you that I am the proud possessor of the most bewitching, adorable, wholly fascinating monkey you ever saw in your life. I have named her Sarah as a compli-

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ment to Mother, who seems, however, to be a little dubious as to the compliment. She is a most affectionate little thing. I begrudge the time away from her at meals and I keep her up at night until she can't hold her eyes open. Her skin is blue, not green, and her hair is a lovely soft brown. Whenever she sees me she hugs herself, makes the funniest kissing noise, and rolls her eyes in the most languishing way. She is quite irresistible, and it makes me grieve to think that I can't carry her home with me. She has taken a great dislike to Sing and Hillario, and screams when they come near her, but she is friendly with any white person and on the most intimate terms with Bobby.

The Samoan lady has been away for a few days and when she returned she brought one of these little monkeys with her. Mother and I wanted to buy one at once but it is very hard to find the little

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ones. However, I went into Manila day before yesterday, determined to stay there until I could come back with a monkey. Some one suggested trying the Zoological Gardens, as the American gentleman in charge could probably tell me where to go for one. I found him most courteous. He asked if I cared for any of his monkeys and without a moment's hesitation I selected Sarah from the whole seventy-five, and he said it would give him great pleasure if I would accept her as a present. Did I? I rather think so! He tied her into the caromata and away we went. I was scared and so was she. Every time she showed her teeth or squealed I prepared to jump out. She climbed up the cochero's back and sat there gibbering all the way down the main street, until the poor boy nearly died of mortification.

While we were in town we visited the ice plant, and it was a queer sensation to go from the street where the thermome-

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ter must have registered over ninety degrees into a place where the frost stood inches thick on the pipes and we had to flap our arms up and down to keep from being in the same condition. They make fifty tons a day. I wonder how people ever lived here before the plant was built. To have an unlimited supply of ice means much in the tropics.

Our presidente is extremely partial to ice, but he never keeps it on hand. Shortly after ours has been delivered, his muchacho appears, "Presidente's compliments! He very bad toothache! Can Señora let him have little bit ice to put on it?" Such a state as his teeth must be in, with such frequent toothaches, all the harder to bear as many if not all of them were earned by the sweat of his brow. Nevertheless, of course Señora can and does, and she inwardly wonders if he will drink to her very good health.

We had great doings here last week.

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It began on Palm Sunday and I wish you and Jennie had been here to take snapshots. The sight was unique. Every man, woman, and child carried a palm, varying in height all the way from six to ten feet and decorated in every possible way. No two were alike. Some had dozens of little flags tied on, some were decorated with artificial flowers, and from some dangled all kinds of animals made of bits of palm leaves woven together. They had an impressive service in the churchyard and afterwards marched around the church with the orchestra. The bright-colored costumes and waving palms made a gorgeous picture, and like an imbecile I forgot my camera.

The next big fiesta was on Thursday, and that night they had a tremendous procession through the town, that took nearly half an hour to pass. A life-sized figure of Christ, bloody and frightful, was carried at the head. Then came

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priests and acolytes, followed by figures of about a dozen saints, gorgeous in much-embroidered robes and borne on floats on the shoulders of men in queer monkish-looking habits. On either side of the street marched the natives carrying long candles. These images belong to the natives. They take great pride in them and spend every cent that they can rake and scrape together to buy them. The woman who sells us eggs lives in a little one-roomed shack with only two chairs and a table, and her expenses are probably not over two dollars a month. Yet one-half of her one room is devoted to a sort of shrine and an immense figure of the Blessed Virgin. She is very devout, and day and night she keeps candles and flowers in front of it. Some of these are heirlooms that have been handed down from generation to generation. Next to their love for their game-cocks, comes this adoration for their images, and a man who has two is men-

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tioned with the same awe with which we speak of Rockefeller—but we must hustle and catch the procession. There must have been over a hundred little floats besides the big ones and they set forth everything that was even remotely connected with the Crucifixion. A big white rooster was on a float by himself, and on another was a ladder, followed by a shirt, a wash-bowl and pitcher, and a pair of gas-tongs, which were too much for me to understand. The orchestra played something in minor over and over,—I suppose it was a dirge. It was a weird, gruesome procession.

Friday night an even larger procession had all the same features except that the figure of Christ was changed for one much larger, laid out on a regular bier with candles around it, exactly as they arrange their dead here, not even forgetting the cloth bound around the head to keep the mouth shut. They marched around the

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town, and then went to the church. With great pomp and ceremony, the bier was carried in and placed in front of the altar, with all the saints placed around it on their respective floats. Did I say all? No, there was one exception. St. John the Baptist was not allowed to stay. He came as far as the church door, and waited there until every other saint had gone inside. Then his guardians rushed him off up a back street, his halo flopping and his peroxide locks floating out on the breeze! The service lasted about all night and the church was packed to the doors.

On Sunday morning was the grand climax. The procession started at day-break and every one in Mariquina who could walk was in it, carrying a candle over two feet long. The figure of Christ had shrunk to about half its original size and was standing in the middle of a bed of tropical flowers. The natives

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wore their very gladdest silks and brocades and thin veils gorgeously embroidered and painted. The high mass was a lively function, bringing in two-steps and waltzes and schottisches.

Monday was the opening night at the Mariquina Opera House. Frank and I went and found it really very good. We were invited to sit in the presidente's private box, but we thought we could have more fun by ourselves, and declined. The singing was fine and the acting seemed pretty good, though we couldn't understand a word, as it was all in Tagalog. That reminds me that I am not making the strides in the language I could wish. To be sure I can say "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star," "Mary Had a Little Lamb," "It is a cat," and "It is a cow," but I am pained to find them of no earthly use to me in marketing. I do not crave the twinkling star and there is not a cat in town, nor any lamb or cow nearer than

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Manila. When I write a primer for the Philippines, instead of filling it full of sentences about cats and cows and other things about as common as the ibex and the dodo-bird, I shall say, "I see an egg!" "Is it a fresh egg?" "I see a hen," "Is it a young and tender chicken?" and my name will be blessed by the would-be marketers.

The funerals here are weird. The priest comes first with his acolytes and thurifers and crucifers, then the orchestra follows, playing blood-curdling music, then the corpse, carried on the shoulders of eight men, in an ornate casket, generally covered with bright pink or blue cloth, with chandeliers on the sides and loads of artificial flowers. Attached to it are long streamers of ribbon that are held by the chief mourners, and the friends bring up the rear, dressed in black and wearing black veils. They appear utterly indifferent while they are marching through the street on their

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way to the church, and from there to the cemetery, but once inside the cemetery the racket they make is bedlam let loose. They keep up the noise, more like barking than crying, all the time they are there. The cemetery is very small and very old, and as there are ten thousand people in Mariquina, it is crowded. No one pays for a grave for more than a year and many pay for not as long a time. They dig the grave after the funeral procession arrives and every shovelful of dirt brings up a skull, or a leg bone, or a hand. Before they put the casket into the ground, they lift up the corpse, wrap it in a straw mat and then put it back, nail on the lid, shovel back the skulls and bones and dirt, and stamp it down. It made my flesh fairly creep. You may think I haven't flesh enough to creep, but I have. I must tell you about the funeral that passed the house last week. A tall Philippine woman dressed in black, with a long black

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veil, carried on her head a little pink coffin, trimmed with ribbons and flowers. She had her hands on her hips, smoked a long black cigar and moved along at a good swinging stride, followed by about a dozen children, adorned with little black veils on their diminutive heads. That was all. She was too poor to have priest or music, or even to hire any one to carry the casket; and probably she had to dig the grave herself. I wanted to take a snapshot but it seemed too heartless.

We are going to have a "baile" as soon as we are settled. We expect to move into the big house next week and it will seem good to hear a piano again. We shall hire the orchestra to play their Easter music.

I have been invited to go to San Fernando to visit the headquarters of our regiment. It is a beautiful place on the west coast of Luzon, and the bathing is fine. Some of my best friends are stationed

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there. I would rather wait and go later when the novelty of this place has worn off.

We are invited to a big military wedding in Manila next week. The bride belongs to our regiment and is most popular. People are coming from all the different Posts and it will be a regular reunion.

Isn't it a shame that we have to pay duty on things sent to the States? I have some little souvenirs for you, but I don't like to send them, fearing that they will charge you an absurd duty on them.

I judge from the tone of your last letter that you refer to Bobby's school in a sarcastic way. You wouldn't dare if there were anything smaller than the Pacific between us. I want you to know that we have school daily, from nine to eleven and from two to three, and although he hasn't finished all the books yet, he is getting a smattering of every one.

Every day I am grateful to Mrs. P——

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for selecting so many good books for me. We read a little in "Little Journeys to Hawaii and the Philippines" every day and it is most enjoyable. The "Talks on Common Things" is interesting, and we are studying whatever grows near us, like rice, cotton, cocoa and coffee. My own head is fairly bursting with knowledge, to say nothing of his.

Give Jennie a hug and thank her for the pictures. Lots of love to Aunt Fanny and the other good people under your roof, and write, write, write!

Mother sends love and says she will write soon. She wants you to come here in time to go back with her for next Christmas.

Now, good-bye, dear girl. A mail is in to-day, Frank has gone to Manila, and I am counting the hours until I shall have a letter from you.

Lovingly,
BETH.

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Friday Evening,
May 6.

Dearest Girl:

A mail goes to-morrow and I must send a letter to you by it, even if only a scribble.

Your letter written March 13 came April 26. It began, "Don't I wish I could look in on you to-night," and I certainly never wished that more in my life, for we were having our first "baile" in the new house. It was the greatest fun and how you would have enjoyed it! We had the native orchestra of fifteen pieces, which plays entirely by ear. The men are chuck full of music.

It was all very impromptu, given to celebrate the birthday of one of the officers from the Post above. We supposed the orchestra would not know our music, so imagine my joy when I told them to open the ball with a two-step, to have them start off with "The Mosquito Parade," and *how* they played it! It would have

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made a dead man dance! Eight officers and two or three ladies danced and about as many more came to look on; and we invited in about a dozen natives so that we could see the "Rigadon" danced and I haven't recovered my breath yet! The surprise was a grand success. Mr. Turner didn't know that we knew it was his birthday. He thought nothing of it when we asked him with other officers and ladies to come down and spend the evening, as he is usually here two or three times a week. When he arrived we were all out in the yard to meet him. The minute he stepped out of his carriage, he was caught by three officers and held while we all showered congratulations upon him.

The house was decorated with flags and lights, and we had invited Captain Overton and the superintendent and his wife from the Post below. We left the inviting of the natives to the doctor of Mariquina, as he seems to be the Harry

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Lehr of the place, and he promised to come about eight-thirty with a carefully selected delegation of Mariquina's 400 to do the "Rigadon." We took Mr. Turner upstairs and while he was admiring the decorations and receiving all manner of good wishes, without any warning, the orchestra, which had been smuggled into the hall below, started up a simply rollicking tune—the one they play on the way home from funerals. We seized Mr. Turner and whisked him down stairs, and there was the orchestra lined up on either side of the big hall. When we appeared, as if at a signal, the natives (I didn't even know they had arrived) marched down the centre and gave us the "glad hand"! They were dressed regardless of cost. Some of the girls were very pretty and they danced beautifully.

Mr. Turner's mother, who was in the surprise with us, sent down a dandy big birthday cake and pineapple sherbet, and

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Sing made chocolate ice cream and candy and salted peanuts, and we had twenty-eight big candles on the table. We had our spread after the natives had gone, but Frank laid in a supply of ginger beer and bottled lemonade, of which they are very fond, for their refreshment during the evening, and what do you think! He went out in the dining-room, where the muchachos were waiting on the thirsty ones, and arrived just in time to see Hillario emptying the last of a bottle of Scotch whiskey into a glass for a sweet young thing of about sixteen summers and she took it *straight*, though it brought the tears to her eyes. There were tears in Hillario's eyes when Frank finished with him after discovering that he had already served three bottles of his best "Black and White" to the happy natives. I only wonder we didn't have a rough-house.

I never had more fun in my life. It was such a success that we are going to

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celebrate mother's birthday in the same way. I wish you could have seen me dancing the "Rigadon" with the doctor, not the native but our own dignified member of the United States Medical Corps. Neither of us knew anything about it, but the natives needed one more couple to make out the set and they promised to see us through it, so we made the eighth couple. The result was all you could have expected. I found myself balancing with three men at once and going through grand right and left all by myself and all sorts of stunts. The rest of our crowd were nearly prostrated watching us.

I must tell you about the three old "goo-goo ladies" that came—sans invitation—like the bad fairy in Sleeping Beauty. I think they may have come as chaperons, not considering me sufficient. Anyway they were gray-headed and barefooted and how they did smoke, all same

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three factory chimneys! Frank declares that between them they smoked an entire box of his best cigars. They sat first on one foot, then on the other, like three old cranes, and one of them had the coyest way of playing with her toes. The young people were decorous, and were greatly shocked at the way the officers would rush out and seize us in the middle of a dance and rush off with us, but so few ladies danced that we had to divide our dances up in small bits.

I began to run the mess this month, and I love it. Sing is adorable. He tries hard to please and gives us all sorts of good things. By the way, he is engaged to the young woman from whom I have been buying chickens. It struck me that chicken appeared on the *menu* at frequent intervals and that every time she came she and Sing had a long palaver in the kitchen,—also that Sing would stand up for those same hens as if he had been engaged as

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their counsel, in spite of the fact that many of them were old enough to have known better. I believe I must have been very dense, for a woman, when added to these facts I was commissioned by Sing to purchase one bottle of "all same nice smell like Señora's" and a purple necktie. Yet I was quite surprised when he told me in the most shamefaced way, "I engaged to 'hen woman,' pretty pronto get mallied!" and, if you please, I have been buying his trousseau for him in Manila! Yes indeedy, and it is gorgeous in the extreme! He is a good-looking Chink and as neat as wax, and I consider that the "hen woman" has drawn a prize. We are paying him a dollar a day, which he turns over to her, keeping out only enough to purchase his wedding outfit.

The first time he asked me to order "five pounds lice," I experienced something of a shock, and I had another when, hearing frightful squawkings em-

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anating from his domain, I discovered the three chickens, intended for our dinner, hanging by their feet to a piece of clothes-line. I called him to come and take the wretched, flapping, cackling things down at once, which he did very sulkily. Then I inquired, "Why on the clothes-line?" He was distinctly put out and replied ungraciously, "Make good taste! Always hang for two, three hours! No hang, no good!"

I don't know what the idea is, though I find it is customary among the Chinese cooks. I doubt if I should have dared to be so emphatic in my orders that he was never to do such a thing again, had I realized what a temper he has.

The very next day, Hillario came running to me all out of breath and as white as a sheet, exclaiming, "Sing got a mad on Estaben! He put him to sleep!" I ran out to the kitchen and was horrified to see the doctor's muchacho lying un-

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conscious on the floor, with a horrid cut in his head.

I sent Hillario for the doctor, who soon arrived. Before long Estaben was able to sit up while he put four stitches in his poor head, and after a little, though pretty wobbly on his legs, he was able with the doctor's help to crawl down to his room.

I tried to impress upon Sing what a dreadful thing he had done and wound up by saying, "Why, you might have killed him!" His only regret seemed to be that he hadn't.

We were not surprised the next day when Estaben, by some mysterious means, had word from his father that he was needed at home, and we have never seen him since.

Maybe the muchachos are not walking the chalk-line! Sing has but to express a wish and they fall over themselves to do his bidding, lest he "get a mad" on them

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and they share Estaben's fate. They are as a whole very willing servants, but they entertain a perfect horror of infringing on each other's work.

When I first took the helm, I called all three boys to me, and told them that every morning before breakfast, they were to polish the floor in the living-room, and dust all the tables and chairs. I found myself in hot water immediately! The work wasn't half done and each boy declared that he did more than his share. When I called José's attention to a dusty chair, he would look grieved and declare that he did *all* the *other* chairs, but he thought the boys might do a *little* work! And when I showed Lucillio a part of the floor, perfectly destitute of polish, he turned his great reproachful eyes on me and said, "Señora! All the rest of the floor did I polish! That bit alone did I leave for Hillario!" Whereupon, Hillario would go up in the air, and they would hold

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converse together in their native tongue, with sufficient exercise of the arms, if properly applied, to have polished every floor in the house. Finally, I hit upon the plan of counting the exact number of boards in the floor, and portioning it out, the same number to each one, and each boy was to dust the chairs and tables that were found on his particular third! It worked like a charm! Each one vied with the others to have his part the shiniest and his chairs the cleanest.

To be sure, I arose one morning at an early hour, disturbed by a slight noise in the living-room, and fearing that Sally was untied, I opened the door very quietly and discovered Lucillio, carefully moving the chairs about.

At first, I couldn't make out what he was doing, until it suddenly dawned on me that he was moving the chairs from his section to those of the other two boys, so as to avoid dusting them. I said not a

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word, but waited until I heard him go down stairs and his door close behind him, when I cautiously stole out and put them all back, even giving him one or two chairs extra.

I determined to stay awake until it was time for the muchachos to come up and do their work, just to have the fun of seeing Lucillio's face, but to my disgust I fell asleep and never knew anything until they had quite finished, but all day long, I caught him secretly regarding each of the other boys with cruel suspicion.

We had a fright to-night. Frank gave Bobby a little sabre and belt for Christmas, just like those he wears himself, and you may imagine that Bobby was a proud kid. Having no one to play with here, he appointed himself our sentinel, and every night after "Retreat," when our sentry comes over and closes the big iron gates, Bobby has stationed himself on the inside and marched up and down, his sabre

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very much in evidence, glaring at any small brown brother who has dared even to look through. He presented a very war-like appearance in his little uniform and helmet and was regarded with awe by the small boy of Mariquina. Tonight a boy came along, evidently a stranger, who, not understanding the import of all this military effect, calmly proceeded to push open the gate and walk in. Quick as a flash, Bobby was after him, yelling like a cowboy about to shoot up a town, and the small brown brother stood not upon the order of his going, but fled. Out they tore through the gate, Bobby brandishing his sabre wildly, dire vengeance in every step. To our horror, he was not content with chasing him away from the house, but followed him down a long lane to his own shack and inside and he would undoubtedly have proceeded to "puncture his tire," had not the poor young one's father been there and hurried to his pro-

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tection. That Bobby was not instantly boloed, we shall always regard as little less than a miracle, but the next we saw of him he was being led home, the irate parent holding him firmly by the hand, his poor little sabre dragging disconsolately in the dust, and utter dejection in every line. The hombre handed him over to Frank, who promptly administered a sound spanking which acted as balm on the man's harassed feelings. After many protestations of mutual regard he departed, smoking one of Frank's best Manilas, but poor Bobby is shut up in the Colombo clothes basket (that was one wise purchase we made, for there are no closets in these houses) to think in solitude upon the enormity of his crime. I have to go and look in at him every five minutes to see if he is really all in one piece! Frank says we may be devoutly thankful that it was not the man's fighting-cock he was chasing, for then it would have been all

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up with Bobby, but as it was only his first-born, his life was spared.

They have all been having a great laugh at me. I have been trying to train the muchachos to announce dinner instead of whistling for us, as has been their custom, and I told them that they were to come to the door of the big living-room where we all assemble and say, "Dinner is served." They didn't take kindly to the idea, but I was firm. Sunday night we were all sitting there waiting and I was thinking what a surprise it would be to every one to hear dinner formally announced, when I saw José come to the door, screw his face up into all manner of knots, and mutter something utterly inaudible. I went out and asked him if he said what I told him and he assured me that he did. He looked worn to a frazzle by his effort and I could not get his courage up to the point of trying it again. Neither of the other boys could be

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persuaded, so we went to dinner without the announcement.

Monday night the dinner was announced by loud beating on a tin pan with an iron spoon. Perfectly disgusted, I went out and inquired, "Why?"

Sing said, "Boys no can say what señora say—no can member."

"I will *not* have dinner announced in that way," I said. "It is to be announced at the drawing-room, reception-room, music-room door."

Tuesday night, we all sat there, more or less breathlessly awaiting the announcement. We could occasionally catch fragments of the talk of the muchachos, trying to urge each other on, and of Sing, alternately encouraging and threatening all three by turns. It began to grow dark, and still no summons. Suddenly from the dusk of the doorway it smote upon our ears in Sing's stentorian tones, "*Chow now!*" You should have heard

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the others laugh! I shall never hear the end of it!

I took some pictures of the house to-day which I am sending you together with pictures of Manila. They are very good and give a splendid idea of the place. Mother is feeling much better and we enjoy her music above everything. She plays every night after dinner, and we sit around and sing. All the muchachos are whistling the airs from "The Cap of Fortune" and "The Sultan of Sulu."

The weeks simply fly. Then we have the Inter-island trip ahead of us and the lovely trip home.

Well, this won't do for me. We have to start for market at seven in the morning, which means breakfast at 6.30, and I must put in forty winks. Do write whenever you can. I know you are busy, and you have been fine about writing, but please let the good work go on. My love to all and a big hug for you. **BETH.**

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P. S. I thought you would like to know how pleased I am with myself for laying in such a supply of large white shoes. Talk about coals to Newcastle! Why, my dear, they make and send out nearly two thousand pairs of shoes every week from this little burg. I can get all I want *made to order* for seventy-five cents a pair, and they will copy any shoe you have exactly. The story that one's feet swell in the Philippines is a myth. My feet continue to demand the same size of shoes that I have worn for the past few years, and the scows I bought in New York are so large that I don't know whether I'm coming or going.



Mariquina Rizal,
May 15.

Dearest Cousin:

I find that I can go to Manila to-morrow and catch the next mail, and I want to

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send you some of the pictures that the doctor took of the house. It doesn't give you much of an idea of the size, but it is large, especially when compared with the little shacks around it. It is over sixty feet across the front and over eighty feet on the sides. I may try to draw a plan of it for you.

We had company nearly every day last week, sometimes two or three persons at a time, and you know how I love company.

You will be sorry to learn that the little romance in our kitchen has come to an untimely end. It looked for a time as if we should all follow the romance. Sing came home the other night looking absolutely crazed. He could hardly talk, he was in such a nervous state, and he told us that his girl, the "hen lady," had eloped with an ex-soldier who had been stationed in Mariquina a year ago. They had gone to Manila. Sing said, "Give me horse, give me gon, I go to Manila. I *kill*

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him!" It was nearly midnight, so Frank persuaded him to wait until morning and he would let him take a horse, but not a gun. He tried to reason with him that it was useless to follow them, but follow Sing would. He walked the floor all night long, crying and moaning, and by daybreak he was up and away. Then trouble began to brew in the Presidentia. None of the boys knew how to cook and for a time starvation stared us in the face, for I haven't mastered the mysteries of cooking with condensed milk and canned butter. We lived on canned stuff until the very thought of it was too much. The boys returned from the Commissary every morning loaded with cans enough to fill a Harlem goat and when I realized what was before us, it seemed unbearable.

It looked as if we should be reduced to the emergency ration, but just as we were beginning to think of a square meal as a matter of history, Sing came back jaded

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and worn but still able to cook. He had found no trace of the elopers and probably, thanks to the \$140 which he had given the girl, they had left for parts unknown. The day after he returned I was stretched out on a long chair reading when through the window came a queer smell, not elusive like the Ceylon odors. At last my curiosity prevailed and I looked out of the window. Sing and the three muchachos were out in the garden, deeply interested in a small bonfire which smelled to heaven.

"What *are* you doing?" I exclaimed, to which Hillario promptly replied,

"Sing, he burn his pig-tail, he say no Filipino girl like him with tail." Sure enough, poor Sing's cue was chopped off close to his head, and the fire was slowly lapping up the last squirming black bit.

I was vexed enough to shake him, for his queue, neatly braided with silk, and the end tucked into his vest pocket, was certainly soul satisfying.

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I hope you will like Sarah's picture. It shows the roof of our henhouse and the stone wall that surrounds our garden, to say nothing of Sarah's expression, which I assure you is perfect. It was taken on the window-sill in Mother's room, and while I sat there she insisted on taking a picture of us both. The one on the right is the monkey.

The picture marked number four is the opera house! Don't howl, for it has an imposing inside, with large, commodious boxes, quite decent scenery, a balcony and seats for hundreds of people. This picture also shows the lovely arch that was put over the church gate, when Bishop Hardy came for confirmation.

Number five was taken from the same window, but the camera was toward the church, and isn't it dear? We are proud of it. Hardly a week passes without something going on over there, and that reminds me!—This morning there was a

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large and very imposing funeral, as one of Mariquina's most famous citizens was buried. If you don't think that the fact of being the owner of the champion fighting-cock of this town makes for fame, you should have seen the size of that funeral. Every one in Mariquina turned out to do honor to the once proud possessor of *the* bird, and he received more homage than John L. or Fitzsimmons can ever expect.

We were all stationed at the windows watching the proceedings and when the procession had nearly passed I noticed some of the natives pointing to the very tail end, and there was Bobby bringing up the rear with Sarah hitched to a string! They were entirely oblivious of everything in their attempt to keep up with the men in front, and of course I couldn't scream to them; but I rushed for Hillario and told him to hurry and catch them before they were inside the church. He

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just did it and that was all. As they reached the church steps I heard Sarah give one of her terrific screeches, saw Hillario dart through the crowd and seize them, and dodge back again. Pretty soon they reappeared near the church gate, Sarah perched on Bobby's shoulder, showing her teeth and saying things to Hillario that, as I have tried to explain to her, are *never* said in polite society.

The big tree that looked dead is just blossoming now, and it is perfectly beautiful. The blossoms come first,—great clusters of scarlet flowers like huge bouquets,—and nothing could be lovelier against the grey of the old church and the blue sky. The little square building on the side is the place where the church bells are hung, and we often have reason to wish that the boys who ring them were hung there as well. I must try to give you a little rough plan of the house, and then turn in.

* * * * * My, dear! I can't make

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head nor tail of this plan myself, so I know you can't. The lower hall is all tiled, and you have to go up three stairs to each of the rooms. The two stairways, that go up to the second floor, meet on a big landing half-way up and there is a sort of balcony overlooking a covered driveway, where teams can pass right through the house from one side to the other. The upstairs is not quite so confusing to draw, although the stairs are still a thorn in the flesh. Don't mind! Take my word for it that we get up there somehow, and without an elevator, too. The window-sills are all broad enough for seats, and most of the windows are ten feet wide. You can see the Ylang-Ylang tree looking into our front window. The fence in the picture looks as if it were glued to the house, but such is not the case. It is really twenty odd feet away and there is a pretty garden with flower-beds all outlined with beer bottles. These,

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I would have you know, were laid out before we arrived.

I wonder if I have given you the slightest idea of it. Perhaps you would know more if I didn't send the plans.

Ever since we moved in here, the emptiness of the palatial henhouse in our yard has been on Frank's nerves, and two weeks ago he purchased twenty hens to give it an occupied look, and also to supply us from time to time with dinners. I was thankful, for my first errand every Saturday morning has been to the most evil-smelling quarter of a particularly vile-smelling market, where I have bought six live hens and had to bring them home in the wagon with me, their twelve yellow legs all tied together in a miserable bunch, all same beets. Most of my trip home from town has been spent with my head under the seat, vainly endeavoring to make the poor things a little less uncomfortable.

We all rejoiced greatly in our new

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possessions which, with the five carabao, gave our yard quite a rural aspect—we rejoiced until I ordered three cooked for dinner, and then our rejoicings turned to songs of woe. *Tough!* Why, my dear, we couldn't make a scratch on them! We think that the hombre who negotiated for them, had an idea that Frank was a sport and wanted fighting-stock. In the arena, they would undoubtedly have proved a great success, but they were never intended to come under the head of edibles! In vain did Sing try them broiled, fried, roasted and boiled! In each style they seemed tougher than in the last!

For a day or two after they came they waited for us to continue the artificial exercise and massage to which they were accustomed, but when they realized that they were not to receive anything of the sort at our hands, they conscientiously took it upon themselves. I wish you could have seen them walk, for all the

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world exactly like the athletic girl one always meets aboard ship. Up and down the yard they pranced, ignoring the fat, juicy worms and luscious grasshoppers in their all-absorbing attempts to harden their muscles. Like Norval, they "had heard of battles, and longed to follow to the"——— cock-pit! They seemed to feel sure that the future held something in store for them more glorious than a modest participation in one of Sing's "*a la Viennes*."

As fighters, they were a promising lot,—at least, so the muchachos assured us,—and they came from the very best blue-ribboned stock in the islands. Two of them walked to San Tolan (a distance of six miles) and forgot to return. This happens to be Lucillio's native burg, but I have tried to believe that he did not bring his influence to bear to keep them away from home.

When there were only three left, Sing

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said it was no use to cook them if they were allowed to keep in training, so he shut them up in the henhouse with everything that could possibly tempt the appetite of a hen, determined, if possible, to fatten them.

For forty-eight hours they remained with their heads stuck out between the slats, gazing with longing eyes at the well-worn path where they were wont to exercise and refusing to be tempted even by rice-pudding! At the end of that time, the smallest, a white one, discovered a place that she could squeeze through, and, my dear girl, what do you suppose she did! With a clear eye and a steady step she walked deliberately to the well, which is protected only by a narrow stone coping, three inches high, and *threw herself in!* There was no chance for "temporary insanity" or "sleep walking"! It was a plain case of deliberate and premeditated suicide! She probably discovered that

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her biceps were becoming flabby, and life held out no further charm.

The entire Arnold family arose as one man and rallied to her assistance. For one-half hour in the broiling sun, we lay on the ground and tried with not entirely unselfish motives to rescue her from our drinking water. At last, Frank had the felicity of catching her in the bucket and pulling her safely to the top.

I had despatched the muchachos in various directions for brandy and bath towels, and after a brisk rubbing, she languidly opened one eye. I administered brandy by means of an eye dropper, although it took some time and she seemed quite averse to it, and then, having done all that I could remember as coming under first aid to the drowned, we placed her on the grass in a shady spot, while we betook ourselves, utterly exhausted, to the house for fans and cooling drinks.

We left Madam Hen surrounded by a

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circle of curious natives, who had been deeply interested in the whole proceeding, all sitting around on their haunches and watching as if the fate of the nation hung in the balance!

I was just dozing off when I heard Hillario call, "Oh, Señora! Come quick!" I rushed to the window and there in the middle of the circle was the would-be suicide, pirouetting around on the back of her neck, like a pin-wheel gone wrong! Around and around she went, while the natives regarded her in speechless amazement! Finally, with a last tremendous flop and a kick, she straightened herself out, closed her eyes, and relinquished all interest in the cock-pit!

The doctor who had arrived in the meantime pronounced her death due to delirium tremens, but I refuse to believe it.

When Sing went out to get the other two hens, preparatory to dressing them for dinner, he was intending to add the white

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hen to the lot, but I drew the line at suicides, and told him to have the boys bury her. However, when the fricassee appeared at dinner, a few hours later, it was flanked by six drumsticks! I couldn't eat it, but Frank and the doctor said it was great and strongly flavored of brandy!

I expect a letter from you this week. Heaps of love.

BETH.



Mariquina,

June 1.

My dearest Cousin:

I have an inspiration! It all happened because Bobby had his thumb shut in the door (I feel that we may yet live to bless that thumb) and began to howl at the top of his lungs. The doctor, fortunately for us, was in the house at the time, and rushed up to see what was the matter. While he was busy with liniment and

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antiseptic gauze, I held Bobby and tried to keep him quiet by diverting his mind to the poor little bats in the roof, that he was probably scaring into fits, and the poor old carabaos out in our yard, that he was waking up in the middle of their afternoon naps, and other trifles of a like absorbing nature. Then the inspiration suddenly came to me! How heavenly to have a doctor in the family! Some one to do up Bobby's sore toes and extract his slivers, besides, Frank hasn't been a bit well, and it would be such a comfort to have some one who would take not merely a professional but a cousinly interest in his case! Why didn't I think of the Medical Corps for you before?

He is very good looking and dignified, but shy! He wouldn't dare even to look at a girl, but I am willing to do the love-making for you both, as there is much at stake. He seems to be alone in the world except for an old lady to whom he writes

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every week. Her name is Miss Annabel Doane Standish and she lives on Beacon Hill. I know because I mail a letter to her every Saturday when I go to market, and I hardly ever sort out the mail here, without finding one at least, in her old-fashioned, lady-like hand for him.

I think she is his aunt, probably on his mother's side, and I can see her dear old home, up near the State House, with the violet glass in the windows and three or four steps leading up to the door with its quaint brass knocker, and inside the loveliest old furniture! Highboys, Chipendale tables, and corner cupboards, full of beautiful old china, and—oh, Bess!—she will adore you and when we are all at home on visits, she will invite us to come and spend the night with her after the theatre! Won't it be great!

He seems fond of her and watches eagerly for her letters. At first, I was afraid that he had a sordid motive because

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she is rich, but now that I know him better I can see it is probably because she is his only living relative!

Don't go and interest yourself in any one else, for I have set my heart on seeing you Mrs. Harold Rogers of the United States Medical Corps. He is going East as soon as his time is out here and I shall have him call on you. You can't fail to like him. Bobby worships the ground he walks on and I suspect that he purposely bumps himself and acquires slivers, simply to make an excuse to be in his society!

How glad I am that O'Reilly was seasick and that the other officer proved not to be unattached. How wonderful are the rulings of Providence!

I must fly! I am supposed to be overlooking the filtering of our drinking water, and even at this very moment, a fuzzy, goggle-eyed germ may be evading Sing's watchful eye, with deadly designs upon the Presidentia, but I needed to write at once.

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With love and best wishes from your
GERMICIDAL COUSIN BETH.



Mariquina Rizal,
June 25.

Dearest Cousin:

My only excuse for not having written more during the past month is that my time has been taken up with Frank, and as Mother has been writing to Aunt Fanny every week, I knew she had stolen all my thunder.

First, I think Mother has told you that Frank has been ordered to the First Reserve Hospital in Manila after fighting it off for about two months. He has not been really well since we reached here, and instead of giving up to it and getting some medicine from the doctor and taking care of himself, he has gone ahead, not saving himself and gradually growing worse and worse until suddenly the col-

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lapse came. He was in no state to take the nine-mile drive into Manila, but it had to be done. We made him as comfortable as we could by putting a big rocking-chair into the spring wagon, and the doctor filled him full of the strongest medicine he dared to give him just before we started. It was a terrible trip. It usually takes us an hour, but that day we started at four o'clock and never reached the hospital until nearly eight, as we could only crawl.

He has been simply a bundle of nerves for several weeks and his heart has been acting badly, having attacks of palpitation at the least excitement. I was thankful when at last I saw him safely tucked into his little white cot and I felt that some one who knew what to do was responsible for his comfort for I had felt for days that here he was not getting the care he should have. Our doctor is fine, but there are many things a trained nurse

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would think of to relieve him which are quite beyond my poor amateur attempts. I had kept him very quiet here for three days before he went into Manila, letting him see no one but the doctor, so you may imagine my horror when I found that he was to be put into a ward with sixteen other officers. However, no private room was unoccupied, so it had to be. He hated it and declared that he should leave in the morning if he had strength to crawl, but before morning came he was suffering such agony in his left knee that he could think of nothing else.

I don't know what they call his trouble or whether they consider it serious or not, as they are very close-mouthed, but the doctor says that he will be sent to the States, as soon as he is strong enough to take the trip, as he cannot stand this climate. I don't know whether it will mean retirement, a detail in the States or a leave, and perhaps the doctor doesn't

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know himself. In any case, Frank's friends who sent him the wire wishing him a "speedy return" will certainly have their wish. That is all I know, but I want you to know as much as I do and I will keep you posted.

The hospital is fine, the nurses lovely, and he has everything that money and thought can provide. It is one of the finest military hospitals in the world, has a beautiful location, perfect equipment, a most appetizing mess, and a splendid medical corps. In fact, he couldn't be in a better hospital, but it is horrid to have him away just the same.

I can't tell you how perfectly lovely every one has been. The afternoon that I took Frank in, we met Mr. Turner coming out from Manila to spend the night with the officers and have a regular jollification, for he had been away on a detail for a few days, and they were going to celebrate his return. We stopped only

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long enough to say, "Hello," as Frank was too weak for more and when we reached Manila and were just driving up to the hospital I heard a great clatteration behind us and the next minute Mr. Turner rode beside us. He had rushed ahead to the Post, after meeting us, changed horses, and rushed back so as to be with me at the hospital. His horse was covered with foam and looked as if he had been through a river, but I was so thankful to see him.

After we saw Frank made comfortable for the night, he took me out to dinner and then would have turned around and driven back to Mariquina with me, only that I positively refused to let him go, as Frank had made me bring his striker, beside the driver, to protect my precious self from bolomen "and sich" on the way home. We were not attacked, but both our lamps went out, so we had to come home nearly as slowly as we went to town.

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When we reached the pumping station, we found Captain Overton and Mr. Lawrence sitting up, with a delicious little luncheon ready for me, and the captain had his own calesine harnessed to take me the rest of the way. I wouldn't let him go as it was after midnight, and I felt as if I were keeping enough poor souls out of their beds as it was.

Mr. Turner's mother had been staying in town and was to remain through the big military tournament, which this week brings together hundreds of visitors from all over the island. She invited me to stay with her, so that I could be near enough to see Frank every day and also meet the people who were coming to the tournament from San Fernando, our headquarters, among whom were some friends I was wild to see. Finally I promised to go in on Thursday and stay until Saturday.

I spent all the mornings at the hospital and every afternoon until three, when I

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went to the tournament, and Frank took his nap. After the games, I went over and told him about the different events, who were there, what they said, etc., and it brightened him up wonderfully.

A crowd of us sat together and cheered for the dear old ———— Cavalry, when there was occasion, but, my dear, we did not lose our voices, for between you and me and the gas-lamp, we drew for the booby prize and lost it by only about two points, but "tell it not in Gath."

We had most wretched luck, as six of our men, who were sure winners, came down with dingle fever at the last minute and were sent to the hospital, but we cheered whenever there was a ghost of a chance.

Mrs. Turner was kindness itself and as she has a carriage, we drove everywhere, which means much in Manila. Thursday night I went to drive on the Lunetta with one of the officers from San Mateo, and

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Friday night a charming dinner was given by some old friends of Frank's and afterwards we went to a perfectly heavenly dance at Pasay. That was the day Frank was feeling much better.

The dance pavilion is built out on a neck of land that runs into the bay, and the breeze was glorious. I was invited to stay over to the Saturday dance at the Army and Navy Club, but I knew they were expecting me back here.

Sunday evening, Lieutenant and Mrs. Holland from San Fernando stayed all night here. Mrs. Holland and I shared the same room and talked all night long. The next morning we all drove into Manila together. There had been a very heavy rain and the river was high, but we managed to get through, though the water came nearly up to the floor of the spring wagon. I spent the day with Frank and started for home just in time to be caught in a drenching shower. When

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we reached the river, it was so high that the overseer at the pumping station advised us not to attempt to ford it but to use the ferry, which we did.

I went in again on Thursday and by that time the river was so swollen that there was some doubt if the ferry were strong enough to take us over. After crossing, the driver advised us to return by way of Pasig, three miles out of our way, rather than risk it again. It is well we did, for it poured all day and even the big government ferry at Pasig seemed not too strong.

It rained all Thursday night, and all day to-day, but I have made my plans to go in to-morrow morning, rain or shine, as I promised Frank I would. He was suffering so when I was in yesterday that I have been beside myself with anxiety.

Now we hear that the Pasig ferry is out of commission and you can imagine the state I am in. That is the reason

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I am writing to you for you know I always tell you everything first, because I am perfectly sure you will understand. I want to walk the floor and scream!— But I suppose it would not mend matters materially.

Well, it is late and I must get up early to-morrow. I will write again soon and answer your letter.

Lots of love and a hug for your dear self.

BETH.



Mariquina, Rizal,

July 3.

Dearest Cuz:

Just a line for the mail to-morrow! The last time I wrote you I intended to go in town the next day, rain or shine. Well, it poured all that night and poured the next day, but I was determined to go, nevertheless. I could get no transportation from here, but Captain Overton offered to let

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me have his spring wagon if I could find any way of reaching the pumping station. As I was about ready to start Lieutenant Lawrence drove up, having been brought on a raft across the river between here and San Mateo, and he wanted me to go to Manila with him. I jumped into his buckboard and we started off for the pumping station. The roads were simply fierce! Mud up to the hubs and such mud!—but by having the mules unharnessed and sending them over first, then the wagon and lastly ourselves, we managed to cross by the ferry. Captain Overton had his ponies harnessed to his beautiful victoria and his cochero in white livery ready for me, not knowing that I was coming with Lieutenant Lawrence, but I kept on in the spring wagon.

I found Frank suffering terribly. He had been so lonely that I stayed with him all day, except while Lieutenant Lawrence and I went to luncheon, which he would

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insist on taking at the finest hotel in Manila. It was late when we started for home, and we decided to be on the safe side and go back by way of Pasig. We arrived there about six o'clock when it was already growing dark, and we realized that it would be black before we reached Marikina, but imagine our feelings when we found that the ferry wasn't running! The mules had travelled over twenty miles and we knew they wouldn't last to go back seven miles to Manila and then out to San Mateo, and there is no place at Pasig where one can spend the night, which, of course, was out of the question in any case.

About this time a band of angels appeared, disguised as the guard at Pasig, all troopers from our own regiment, and they said they would try to get us across. It seemed utterly impossible but while we stood there dumbfounded at the thought of such an undertaking, they hailed two

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little boats made of trees hollowed out. I was sent over in one, with our vegetables and eggs and other marketings, while they unharnessed the mules, tied ropes around their necks and brought them over one at a time, making them swim for it, as the water was more than ten feet over their heads. Then they took the buckboard, a monstrous big one, and putting two wheels in each of those little boats rowed it over. I never saw anything more cleverly done. I wanted to give each of the men a thousand dollars on the spot, but I didn't. We lost the road several times and it was late before we were at home, but we were thankful to be there at all.

When I went in town last Thursday—I had Captain Overton's team—I found Frank even worse than the time before. The rheumatism, or whatever it is, had gone into the other foot and into his neck, and he was almost crazy with the pain. The doctor said he would send him on the

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Sheridan, July 15, if he could be carried to the boat without causing him too much suffering, as this rainy season is bad for his trouble. There are no glass windows in the officers' ward, or in fact anywhere in the hospital, I believe. When it rains they close the wooden shutters, which makes it as dark as a pocket and they can't turn on the electric lights until night. It is too forlorn for words, and poor Frank is discouraged.

Mr. Turner took me in town yesterday, and although Frank's rheumatism has now gone into his other knee so that he is entirely helpless from his waist down, he did not look quite as ill and the nurse thought perhaps he was a shade better.

I am packing up,—a fearful job,— but we shall get all ready on the chance that at the last minute the doctors may think it safe to put him on board. If he doesn't go on this boat, he cannot go for another month and I cannot bear the thought of

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his lying there and suffering for thirty more long days.

I am sorry to leave the Philippines without having the southern trip or going to China, but my one thought now is to take Frank out of this place. I have loved it and could enjoy two years here more than at any Post in the whole United States, but it certainly does not agree with Frank. I have asked for transportation on the *Sheridan*, but we shall probably not know until the last minute whether we can have it or not.

I am going to spend the day with him to-morrow. There were to have been "doings" in Manila to celebrate the Fourth, but it has rained hard for twelve hours with no present prospect of its stopping, so the celebration may have to be given up.

I am rather glad on Mother's account that we are going back, for although she is much better than she was, yet it doesn't

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agree with her here particularly well.

I have no idea what our plans will be after reaching San Francisco, as everything depends on what the doctors at the Presidio Hospital say to Frank.

Mrs. Turner is going with us as far as Nagasaki, which is fine for us, as she has been there several times and knows all the shops, hotels, etc.

I will write when I know anything further.

Lovingly yours,

BETH.

P. S. This is simply the last straw! As if I hadn't trouble enough! Dr. Rogers came in just now while I was packing and asked me if I would mind taking a little package for him and mailing it when we reached San Francisco. Of course I told him I should be delighted. I was taken up with the trunk I was packing and didn't notice that he kept hovering around in an unsettled way. Finally,

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he said, "I wouldn't trouble you if I could pay the duty at this end, but I hate to have her pay the duty, as—as it's a *present!*" I assured him that it would be no trouble whatever and made a few forceful remarks on the subject of tariff in general. Still, like Mary's little lamb, he lingered near! At last, he broke out with, "Oh! I say, Mrs. Arnold! I want to tell you, that is an engagement present! It is for Miss Standish! and"—blushing to the roots of his hair, with his words falling all over each other in his embarrassment,—“we're going to be married—as soon as I go—to the—States!”

I sat right down in front of the trunk I was packing and groaned aloud, but he was so red and uncomfortable I think he didn't notice. How long I sat there, with Chippendale tables, and dear old ladies, and corner cupboards falling all about my ears, I don't know, but I came to myself in time to hear him say, “Her

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home is in Chicago, but she and her father have been boarding in Boston this winter, as he is connected with a large pork concern there!"

I tried to come up to the scratch and make my congratulations sound joyful and hearty, but oh, my dear, *such a blow!* I am about discouraged, and ready to say that you may take one of those men from civil life, but no! With a chance of Frank's retirement, it is more than ever necessary to find an officer for you, that I may at least visit in the army! No dear old home on Beacon Hill! No place to visit after the theatre! Oh, dear! and I prided myself that I was an adept in chirography!



The Glorious Fourth.

Dearest Cousin:

I was preparing to retire when I found the letter that I sat up to write you last

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night and took in town with me this morning in order that it might go out on to-day's boat. Was there ever such a goose! Now I will add a short P. S.

I went in town with Mr. Saunders and the doctor to-day. We started at an unearthly hour that we might take in the procession. It was due to start at eight and as I could not see Frank until nine, I thought I would see the beginning of it anyway. We simply tore all the way in, although the roads were in frightful condition, and found a good place near the grandstand. As we drove up, we heard the bands playing and saw some men marching out of sight. Then, to our great surprise, people began to scramble down from the grandstand and disperse in all directions. We consulted the time. It was only 8.15! What could it mean? Finally we spied an officer whom we knew and asked him to please "make explanations." He said it was quite simple.

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The 'processioners being of the early-bird variety, having all assembled at seven o'clock, decided not to wait but to have the procession at once! Can you see one of our Fourth of July processions at home starting an hour ahead of time?

He said they are apt to do this sort of thing, and that the grandstand was filled even before they started. I am glad some one was up in time to see it for we heard that it was very fine, particularly the Chinese display.

From there I intended to go to the post-office to mail your letter, but Mr. Saunders suggested that we should hunt up some fireworks for the evening, and the letter entirely slipped my mind. Nothing short of my patriotism could have made me forget you, dear Cousin! We had a dreadful time finding fireworks, to begin with, and when discovered, the prices were outrageous. We expected they would be all but given away, as we are near

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China, but we had to pay over twice as much as we do at home. We managed to purchase a few Roman candles and some red fire and then put all the rest of our money into one elegant piece. A flower-pot! It was a huge affair and the Chink assured us that it would yield a joy nothing could efface. In a measure he spoke the truth.

I spent the day with Frank, who is feeling about the same and very anxious to go on the *Sheridan*.

After dinner to-night we all drew our chairs up to the front windows, while Lieutenant Saunders and the doctor descended to the front yard to show the natives what patriotic citizens we really are. The B. Bs. were out in force and every available space on our high iron fence was occupied. The yard was terribly squashy after the heavy rains, but the officers managed very well by standing on boards. The Roman candles excited

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the wildest enthusiasm, as did the red fire; and we were quite proud. The town crier was there, well to the front, and seemed to be taking mental notes to regale his patrons to-morrow.

We saved the flower-pot for the grand finale, and of course we were most anxious that it should be the crowning success of the evening. In order to achieve the best result it was necessary to put it up on something fairly high. Nothing in the yard would answer, but Hillario said he knew the right thing and soon he and Lucillio appeared, dragging between them a huge ladder which had been used for lighting the lamps on our fifteen-foot iron gate-posts. A clumsy thing was formed by balancing two ladders together, all same card house, but there was no doubt about its giving the flower-pot the desired elevation. Armed with matches and the grand climax of the evening, Lieutenant Saunders and the doctor mounted slowly

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step by step, on opposite sides of the ladder, while Hillario, José, and Lucillio, braced at the bottom. At last they reached the top, or near enough to place their precious burden in position. There seemed to be a little difficulty about lighting it. Lieutenant Saunders carefully applied a match. It gave a few vicious spits and then died out. Then the doctor cautiously applied a match, and a spark flew up, but just as the crowd was preparing to cheer, out it went again. Then Lieutenant Saunders approached it gingerly from his side, match in hand. We held our several breaths until we were black in the face, in an agony of excitement, when suddenly, *Bang!* Up into the air shot a shower of stars and down into the mud shot that ladder, and incidentally flower-pot, doctor, Lieutenant Saunders, and the three muchachos. Then there was given such an exhibition of pyrotechnics as has rarely been rivalled. Blue

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balls and red balls and multi-colored stars were interspersed with legs and arms and mud and, I regret to add, profanity!

Nothing that Burbank has yet achieved could hold a candle to that fantastic bloom. We had our money's worth. Never have I seen so many "golden snows," "silver showers," "shooting stars," and "rainbow effects," all emerging from one flower-pot.

The natives simply went mad over it, and judging from the noise so did the officers and muchachos. When at last they were able to untangle themselves and crawl out from under that heap of ladder and exhausted flower-pot, I wish you could have seen them. Why they weren't shot full of holes I don't know, but I believe the doctor thinks the flower-pot landed on his back after he had landed on top of Lieutenant Saunders, and went off from that position. This probably saved their lives, but they failed to regard it with proper thankfulness!

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When they were at last able to take an upright position Bobby added insult to injury by inquiring in perfect seriousness, "Is that *all?*" I never came so near hysterics in my life! My sides ache now as if I had been run over by a train, but my condition is nothing compared to that of the officers. They are a mass of bruises and as to their uniforms—fortunately they wore old ones—they are masterpieces of pyrography!

Now I must try to get some sleep.

Lovingly,

BETH.

P. S. No. 2—I should like to hear the town crier's description of our grand finale!



Mariquina Rizal,

July 12.

Dearest Bess:

I was never so excited in all my life!

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I can't sleep if I go to bed and I may as well tell you about it!

To begin with, last week, the ferry which we have been using to cross to the pumping station went to the bottom in midstream with eight of our men on board. Four of them were drowned as the river is so swift that no one could reach them before they were dashed over the falls. One body was found a mile below, one three miles down the river, and two at Manila. The bodies were not recovered for two or three days. It has been terribly depressing, and cast a gloom over the whole place. I had to go in to see Frank the day after the accident. The ferry had not been properly repaired, and when we were about in midstream, the native ponies became restive, the front guard-rail broke and came down with a crash, and they began to stampede, and we thought everything was all over. I was the only "white man" on board and

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I was scared blue! We barely managed to reach the other side. I arrived in Manila without further accident and of course never told Frank a word about the drowning or the ferry.

The doctor said he was gaining slowly but he thought it more than doubtful if we could sail on the *Sheridan* as Frank is absolutely helpless and the trip to the boat would be very painful; yet, on the other hand, they are anxious to get him out of this dampness. I was disappointed because if we are going, the sooner the better for him. While I was out at luncheon some idiot brought Frank the Manila paper, with news of the accident. He was terribly upset and made me promise not to use the ferry again. Consequently when I went in on Saturday I had to go by Pasig, and as it rained cats and dogs I was soaking wet.

The doctor in charge of Frank's case had asked for a board to decide about his

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going on the *Sheridan*. I hoped they would decide before I had to start for home, but all I could find out was that the typhoon signal was up and that if it were rough they couldn't possibly get him to the Transport, which anchors two miles out.

Sunday noon Captain Overton telephoned me that the board had decided Frank should be sent on the *Sheridan*.

Maybe we didn't have to hustle. Captain Palmer was spending the day here and he, with some men from the troop, invoiced, marked, weighed, and numbered fifty-one pieces of freight which had to go early next morning. I was never half so tired since I was born, and how I missed you when I was writing all the tags. You remember you wrote them before.

We planned to go Wednesday morning to a hotel, attend to some last errands and dressmaking, and go aboard Thursday, as our trunks must be put on before Friday morning.

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The typhoon broke just after I reached home Monday night. It came down in sheets all night, and, my dear, this morning the river which usually is three hundred feet back of us, *was in our yard!* Of the orchard of banana trees behind our house only the topmost leaves could be seen.

By nine o'clock the Mariquina ferry was entirely washed away and Lieutenant Saunders telephoned to San Mateo to see if we could go in by way of Pasig, as the lines were down between here and that place. The Pasig ferry was out of commission and would be unavailable for several days at least! Then our commanding officer telegraphed to Manila and asked them to send a boat up the Pasig to take us and our trunks to Manila. That was at ten o'clock this morning and it has poured so hard ever since, that we have to scream to make ourselves heard above the rain. This forenoon Lieutenant Saunders tried to call San Mateo to see

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if the commanding officer had been able to get the boat for us, only to find that all telephone and telegraph lines are down between here and San Mateo and the pumping station, so we are absolutely cut off from everything!

The river between here and San Mateo, usually only about eight inches high, is now a dozen feet over a horse's head and so swift that horses cannot swim in it. The river has already come over three hundred feet out of its course with a rise of over twenty feet, and is rising every minute. Our wash-woman, who came to-night, said she stepped out of her house into water nearly up to her waist. What are we going to do? We are as much cut off from the rest of the world as if we were on a desert island, and think of poor Frank! It drives me wild when I think how he is probably worrying, although he can have no idea of the helplessness of our position.

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As it looks now, nothing short of a miracle can get us to Manila in time to take the Transport and it will be horrid for him to have to go without us. We have packed everything but our tooth-brushes, and sit around waiting to see what will happen next! It continues to pour as if Jupiter Pluvius had turned on the flood-gates and forgotten the combination to shut them off. Like the manna of the Israelites on the sixth day, enough has fallen to last for two days, but in our case, enough rain has fallen to last two months. I say quietly but firmly, that we have had all the weather we can stand for the present. Lieutenant Saunders says he knows that the road between here and Pasig is all under water and that no boat can come up the river against the current.

I could not begin to tell you how kind every one has been to us. That is one thing about the army, all do just as much for one another as if their mothers and

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grandmothers had played together, and they do it in the loveliest way! I adore the army more every day I am in it, and I fairly shudder when I think that Frank may have to give it up! However, the doctor believes he will be all right in the United States.

I must write some more tags for our trunks. I was disappointed to have no letter from you in the mail yesterday. I felt that out of five hundred sacks there must be one letter for me from my dearest cousin.

Yours *de profundis*,

BETH.



Transport "Sheridan"

Pacific Ocean,

July 31.

Dearest Bess:

It seems years since I have written to you, and I am appalled when I think of all I wish to say.

REAL LETTERS OF A REAL GIRL

The last day or two at Mariquina seem like a dream, or no!—more like an awful nightmare! There we were, nearly surrounded by water (all same island), telegraph and telephone wires down, the river over the tops of a dozen posts between us and the pumping station, both ferries washed away, and four bridges down between us and Manila. We knew Frank would have to sail on the *Sheridan*, and we realized what it would mean to him in his extremely nervous state if we were prevented from going on the boat with him. We had to get our transportation papers the day before sailing and on July 13, although we were all packed, we seemed to be no nearer Manila than you are. At noon, the telephone line between San Mateo and Mariquina was patched up and we had a message from the commanding officer. The men had made three separate attempts to take a government boat to Pasig to carry us and our

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trunks to Manila, only to be driven back before they had gone half a mile; and they had been forced to give it up for the day. They would wait until the fourteenth and make another trial, if the river had gone down in the meantime. The commanding officer ordered Lieutenant Saunders to take a detachment of the troop and see if we could get through to Pasig, in case the boat was able to make it the next day. I had already sent my own beautiful muchacho Lucillio to the pumping station with a note to Captain Overton, telling him of our position and begging him to think of some plan to get us out. How Lucillio was to reach the pumping station I didn't know, but he declared that he would do it, dead or alive, and return before dark.

While Lieutenant Saunders was gone I telephoned to Lieutenant Turner at San Mateo. I knew he was holding "Non Com's School," but I felt that unless

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he could help us, our case was hopeless.

He dropped everything and came almost at the risk of his life. In crossing the river, the natives were frightened by the current and lost control of the raft, and he had pulled off his coat and riding-boots, preparing to swim for it, when by a miracle they made a landing! He reached Mariquina late in the afternoon and as you may imagine, was more welcome than an angel from heaven! He immediately "took the helm," and he said he would see us on board the *Sheridan* before it sailed, or burst! Lieutenant Saunders returned, wet and tired and late for his dinner, with the cheering news that there were two bridges down between us and Pasig—so *that* was out of the question!

After dinner, Mr. Turner by the aid of a dozen troopers with lanterns examined the road between Mariquina and the pumping station. He took a trumpeter with him, thinking the bugle, sounding officer's

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call, might attract the attention of Captain Overton on his side of the river. I suggested that water call would be more appropriate. However, when the men reached the river, they could hardly make themselves heard above its roar.

Mr. Turner hunted up a native who said he would try to carry us and our trunks across in the morning. The boat was the regular native dug-out, less than a foot and a half wide and about twelve feet long. Two men propel these boats with spoon-shaped paddles, and it is wonderful to see what they can do with them in a swift current. After Mr. Turner had looked the ground over he told the man we would be there about 7.30 o'clock the next morning.

He found two culverts in the road, about ten feet wide and five feet deep, that would have to be bridged with heavy timbers before we could cross, but that was to be done in the morning.

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They returned about midnight and we talked it all over. He said it was a big risk and that if we all crossed with nothing worse than a wetting, we should be lucky! I couldn't see how they were going to manage my big Saratoga trunks on those boats and Mr. Turner himself was dubious.

In spite of all this excitement my birthday was not forgotten and we had the nicest dinner possible, having even ice-cream, although it took the last piece of ice available for a week or ten days. Sing outdid himself and made a great birthday cake and delicious candy.

We were all up at five o'clock the next morning, the trunks strapped, the bedding roll made, and all the last things done when Lucillio appeared with a long note from Captain Overton. He had been in town the night before and returned too late for Lucillio to cross the river. He said the one chance for us to make the boat was to cross the river to him. He

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would be waiting for us early in the morning with plenty of men from his troop to carry our trunks, and he would send Mother, Bobby, and Lieutenant Turner into Manila in the spring wagon, take me in his victoria and let the trunks follow in an escort wagon. He told us to be provided with an entire change of clothing as we could not make the crossing without spoiling everything we had on. He did not consider it safe, but it was the only solution to the situation.

It would make me tired even now to write of the delays we had in starting. We finally left Mariquina about nine-thirty o'clock and when it came to the point, I found it hard to keep the tears back. I had loved it all, and we had had good times there, and it seemed forlorn to go away alone. Half the town turned out to see us start and poor dear little Sally sat up on my window-sill, hugging herself and making kisses until we were out of

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sight. I forgot to mention that while we were at breakfast, she chewed all the tags off the trunks—the last tags we had in the house—and such a time as I had finding pieces of cardboard or any old thing to fill their places! I forgave her, she is such a little dear!

Lieutenant Turner was always jolly and ready to turn every mishap into a joke! When we came to the first culvert we discovered that through some oversight it had not been bridged. I thought it was all off and we should have to go back, but Lieutenant Turner galloped off and soon returned with a road inspector and a gang of fifty natives. After a delay of three-quarters of an hour, they had it bridged so that we could cross, and after a short delay at the next culvert, we reached the river. Captain Overton had been waiting for us three hours. When I saw the river, I would have gladly hiked back to Mariquina! It looked like boiling

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cocoa, and we could locate the roads that led to the ferry only by the tops of the tallest trees, peeping just above the surface.

We left the wagon about a quarter of a mile from the usual place. Captain Overton and Mr. Turner made a chair with their hands and carried us over one at a time to the little boat, the horrid, sticky mud up to their knees.

The men who carried the big trunks were up to their waists in mud and water, and the Lord only knows how they did it! I can't tell you much about the crossing! The officers who went over in the boat with us had the precaution to take off their coats and boots in case of any trouble, and Bobby was warned that if he so much as sneezed we should all promptly go to the bottom. If the natives hadn't been wonders we never should have seen the other side, but they really are more at home on the water than on land. It

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seemed as if it took us an hour to cross as we had to go far up the river before we tried to cross the swiftest part of the current. Then the minute the current caught us we were whirled around and rushed down the stream at a furious rate. When I saw the shore rushing by us I thought we should go straight over the falls and down to Manila without a stop, but gradually the desperate paddling began to tell. Little by little the shore came nearer and nearer, and as soon as it was possible a lot of natives, who were waiting for us, threw out a rope and we were drawn in. How good it seemed to have the boat slide into the mud on the other side! Mother never waited for the "chair," but jumped out and galloped up the bank through the mud, shedding her rubbers on the way. Bobby followed, fortunately barefooted, with his trousers well turned up, and Captain Overton was so relieved to have us safely across that, wholly

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oblivious of my one hundred and ten pounds, he picked me up like a baby and ran up the hill as if the devil were after us. He took us to his quarters, where everything was arranged for our comfort. He turned his room and shower-bath over to us and as soon as we were dressed and had packed our mud-soaked clothes, he announced that luncheon was ready. We had expected to have something to eat in town, but he thought it would save time and be easier for us to lunch with him. Everything tasted good and the table was pretty with flowers and cut glass and silver! Just like a real party!

We started for Manila about noon, and the trip took twice as long as usual on account of the water, which in many places was nearly up to the body of the carriage. Bad as the storm was at Mariquina, I had no idea of the damage done by it, until we reached Manila and read the papers.

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One whole town was entirely washed off the map by a cloudburst, and it is believed that fully two hundred persons were drowned. When we left, the river was subsiding and they were finding bodies everywhere. The morgue was crowded. All railroad traffic was stopped for three days and Manila looked like a second Venice. When we were there many of the streets were still under water. The governor and the other city officials were obliged to go to their several posts of duty in boats, and as the electric light plant was under water, the city was in total darkness for several nights.

The day we sailed, the famous Bridge of Spain was threatened, and guards were placed at either end to prevent people from crossing. It was damaged by a barge which broke from her mooring and came crashing down the river. About a dozen natives were on board and as she came whirling down at a terrific rate

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they could be seen running about in an agony of fear, like rats trying to leave a sinking ship. A crowd was watching from the bridge, waiting for the inevitable crash! At last it came, the barge striking it broadsides. The whole bridge shivered from the shock and the sides of the barge crunched in like a peanut shell. The poor creatures screamed for help, which was fortunately at hand, and what do you suppose was the first thing to be tenderly handed up from the doomed barge? One of the children? Oh, no! A plump and glossy fighting-cock!

You remember that I have spoken of Clarke's, the confectionery store of Manila, where I always went for luncheon? Well, a snake was washed up on the front steps, fourteen feet long! And not dead either! I am glad I was not lunching there at that time!

The First Reserve Hospital where Frank stayed was threatened, but the water did

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not cover the floors although the grounds were under water for several hours and every preparation was made to remove the patients if it became necessary.

One of the disagreeable effects of the storm was the stench arising from millions of dead earthworms which lay rotting on all sides and produced an effect on the atmosphere calculated to turn the stomach of a stone image.

It was romantic and picturesque when one of the high officials had to be carried to the city hall, "pig-a-back," by a faithful menial, and goodness only knows how many more rode in like state. Another Mighty Person on his homeward way had to divest himself of his robes of state, and swim, in company with his horse and cocher, toward the light that indicated the location of his home. He does not dwell in a marsh either, but on one of the city's most travelled thoroughfares!

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Strange to say, the natives succumbed most easily to the dangers of the storm. They offered no evidence in support of the theory that "the Filipino can take care of himself in his own country." They huddled in their shacks, knowing perfectly well that they would soon be swept away, but waiting for the paternal government to come and save them. It certainly did its best.

Captain Overton took me to the hospital first, to let Frank know that we had arrived, and then to see about transportation, freight, etc., while Mr. Turner took Mother and Bobby to the hotel. Captain Overton not only turned his victoria over to me for the afternoon, but went with me, which was worth much in seeing the different military officials, who hate to do business with petticoats.

The last thing we did, after six o'clock, was to go to the quartermaster's to see if the trunks had come safely, and to have

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them checked. There were ten trunks, a steamer chair, the Colombo hamper, and my bedding roll.

The first question of the health inspector was, "Are there any pillows in your bedding-roll?" I was too fatigued to lie, and said there were four, whereupon he said I would have to leave them, as mattresses and pillows could not be carried in a bedding-roll unless they had been through the government disinfecting plant. I did not feel like giving him my four live goose feather pillows and asked if there were no other way. He drew me to one side and said, "If you can jam them into one of your trunks, I will have the roll and the trunk taken into a back room where you can open them." I knew there was room in one of my dress trunks as I had been expecting some new gowns from the Chinese dressmaker in Manila and left two trays for them, so I hailed the suggestion joyfully!

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I had not looked carefully at the trunks before as my only thought had been to see that they were all present or accounted for. It was rather dark when my trunk was brought into the back room, but I discovered that it was covered an inch thick with Mariquina mud. (This is where you may get out your hanky and prepare to shed scalding tears!) It took us forever to open it, as the lock was jammed full of mud, but at last the key turned and the cover came up with a bang! Oh, my dear! I hardly have the heart to write it. Everything that I prized most was in that top tray. There they were, my pretty new gown with beautiful embroidery, the white lawn with yards and yards of ruffles and lace, the blue and white jusi with blue ribbons, that I had never had on, all my pretty girdles, six new hand-embroidered shirtwaists, ten yards of blue embroidered muslin, and ten yards of white muslin with little blue

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butterflies over it, besides lots of other things that I can't think of now. *All soaking in mud!* We took out that tray only to find the next in the same condition. This held my wash dresses that I expected to wear on the boat, pinks, blues, and whites, all mixed with mud and ooze! The next tray containing two woolen suits looked even worse! And so on to the bottom! I wish you could have beheld those ostrich fans from Aden, attractively fastened in separate boxes by ribbons. They would certainly have made you laugh—or cry! They looked like a couple of drowned hens. Then two beautiful tea-cloths from Malta,—well, it is enough to say that everything in one of my largest trunks is ruined.

If Captain Overton hadn't been there, I should have sat down on my baggage, like a sure enough immigrant, and howled! We suppose it fell off the boat in bringing it across the river and having seen the boat

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I only wonder why they didn't all fall off! There was nothing to do but to jam my pillows into the trays I had left for my new gowns, and have it locked up again.

That evening Lieutenant Palmer and Captain Overton made the last arrangements for getting us on board the next morning. My dear girl, you will never know until you are in the army yourself how perfectly adorable army officers are. Every one knows that they are simply fascinating to young girls, in their becoming uniforms and brass buttons, but the place to see their real worth is with a poor old married girl, with a sick husband, and no end of worries. From now on I look at a shoulder strap as merely a modified form of halo.

At eight o'clock the next morning Captain Overton arrived at the hotel and from that time until the last launch left at eleven-thirty, he went shopping with me. When we arrived at the wharf there

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was hardly breathing room left in the victoria and we had to be pried out one at a time from the packages.

As Frank had been dreading his trip to the boat to such an extent that even with opiates he hadn't slept for three nights, we expected he would be utterly prostrated and it was a great relief to find him fairly comfortable, that is, for a man who has lain flat on his back for thirteen days.

All our friends came to see us off, who could get there in spite of the flood and the pouring rain, and Captain Overton, Lieutenant Palmer, and Lieutenant Turner gave us a good send-off. It was lovely for us to have Mrs. Turner with us for she is good company and we are very fond of her. Mother and Bobby and I had a good-sized state-room, and Frank had a lovely, sunny room all to himself in the hospital, with three windows in it. Not until the pilot left us and we were really off did I realize how tired I was.

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I felt as if I would like to crawl into my bunk and stay there forever!

The trip to Nagasaki was not entirely pleasant. To begin with, I was dead tired, and it rained every day. It was like pulling teeth to crawl out the first morning and Mother tried to persuade me to stay in my bunk until I felt rested, but I was anxious to know how Frank had stood the night so I struggled into my clothes.

It was not very rough but bad enough to lay out Frank's nurse, and I found Frank in a pitiful state. The effect of the medicine they had given him to get him on board had worn off and he was suffering horribly. I did what I could to make him comfortable. He couldn't be moved without excruciating agony and every groan went through me like a knife. It took me over three hours to make him even passably comfortable, and when it was over I crawled back to my bunk more dead than alive, whereupon Mother and Mrs.

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Turner and the doctor stood over me and read the riot act. It was most humiliating, but I had to stay there twenty-four hours! I was as sore as if I had been in an explosion, and so tired! It looked as if I wouldn't be able to go ashore at Nagasaki, but I stayed quiet and took my medicine, and when we reached there I felt more like myself.

From the first glimpse of Japan to the last, everything about it was perfect! No fairyland ever boasted anything as bewitching as the little Jap babies. How I wanted to bring you one! We stayed from Wednesday until Saturday, and on Friday we took a trip to Mogi, which seems like a dream. No Pooh Bah, Yum Yum, or Pitti Sing ever approached the fascination of the real thing! Such politeness, such daintiness, I felt as big as a carabao among them! Mrs. Turner took us everywhere and made our stay there delightful! It was hard to say

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good-bye to her and the dear little island! She is going to travel all over it and I envy them both!

The weather up to this time was all against Frank, damp and gloomy, and affected not only his spirits but his rheumatism till he was in the depths of despair.

After we left Japan we hoped to strike nice sunny weather, but it rained for two days and then we ran into a typhoon. Now that it is over, I am glad to have seen one, but while we were in it—well, the ocean looked extremely deep and wet!

The waves were twenty-five feet high, according to the captain, but I know they were as high as Bunker Hill Monument. We were heavily loaded and the poor old boat would poke her nose into a mountain of water, then shudder and draw back, and seem to catch her breath before making another plunge. The life-boats

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were ready to be launched, in case any one should be swept overboard, as every wave washed the decks.

The captain looked over the records of typhoons encountered in exactly the same locality and found that out of fifty-eight cases, fifty-six had moved in a southerly direction; so he steered his course accordingly, only to find that this particular typhoon followed the course of the two exceptions. We went further and further into it and the wind increased to such an extent that we were making only a mile and a half an hour with full steam on. Then we stopped and drifted for seven hours until the sea grew a little less rough. It will make us about two days late at San Francisco.

After that, with good weather, Frank began to improve, and day before yesterday, he was able to put his right foot to the floor for a few minutes, for the first time in seven weeks. He is much encouraged

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and although his left side is still helpless and full of pain, the doctor says he will have him carried out on deck at Honolulu, if he continues to improve.

A hop is to be given for us at Honolulu and I have been invited but my limited wardrobe will prevent an acceptance. My bath-wrap and kimona are about all that is left to me! I needed you when at last they let me down into the trunk-room and I got at my poor old wreck. Everything was green and blue and black with mildew and mould. Such a smell! and such a sight! Some of the things had regular fuzzy whiskers all over them! I shut the trunk up again, and at Frisco I shall ask some one kindly to take it out of my sight. The others may be just as bad. I have had courage to open only two beside the wreck and they—thank heaven!—were all right.

Bobby is wild with joy at the thought of going back to the States, and it was

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certainly lonely for him at Mariquina without a child to play with.

Travelling on a Transport with a lot of "Casuals" is very different from having your own regiment and band on board, with all the necessary military formations. This is simply pokey!

There is a good young man on board, a member of the Y. M. C. A., who has a phonograph, which he turns loose on us every evening with "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "The Holy City." The men may let him live until we reach Honolulu, but we all hope for the best.

I will stop now, and you will doubtless be glad to know I have so many symptoms of writer's cramp that I expect never to be able to hold anything again, except my breath, so if you don't hear, you will know why. Do write *AT ONCE*.

Lots of love,

BETH.

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U. S. A. T. *Sheridan.*

August 13.

Dearest Girl:

Here we are, nearly home! We expect to see land about five o'clock this afternoon and to dock about ten, but we cannot land before to-morrow. If it were not that Frank, who continues to improve, will be much more comfortable on land than on the boat, I wouldn't mind if there were another month of it, for the last part of the trip has been really delightful. We are nearly frozen to-day! Every one is shivering, even with sweaters and coats on, and my nose looks like a bit of tropical sky.

Honolulu was simply beautiful! The most perfect climate and oceans of flowers! The natives seem to love flowers too, and even teamsters and car conductors wore wreaths around their necks and hats. I have never seen such masses of flowers and such brilliant coloring, as I saw at the flower market.

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It was funny to meet our boat people with their hats wreathed with roses and pinks and big boas to match around their necks. They call these boas "leis." For fifteen cents Bobby and I invested in two beauties made of pink and white carnations that hung down below my waist, and on him nearly dragged on the ground, and for a quarter we bought all the lilies we could carry. After we sailed, Frank's room was quite a bower, and some of the people who took the boat at Honolulu and had friends to see them off were entirely covered with leis of roses and lilies, carnations, and pansies.

Mother and Bobby and I took a carriage and drove up to the Pali, a hill about six miles above the city, where there is a stupendous view. I believe it is the home of the Father of all the Winds, for it nearly blew our ears off! Every minute I expected to see Bobby caught up and whirled over the precipice, and I was thankful

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when our united weight was holding the carriage down and we had started down hill.

I am a firm believer in giving the devil his due and I feel that it will be on my conscience if I don't tell you about the Aquarium.

The guide books told us of the most gorgeous fish to be found there—some peacock blue and orange, some scarlet and gold, and others combining all the colors of the rainbow. I promptly relegated them to the place of green monkeys, fat-tailed sheep, and spicy breezes. But it was the truth! For once the guide-book story could be taken without imagination, and the most highly colored post-cards that I can find, fail to approach the gorgeousness of the live fish.

Well, I must finish my packing. The only bad thing about trips is that they have to come to an end. It is not at all as if we were going home as soon as we land! That would be grand and I'll

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guarantee I'd be the first one down the gangplank, but it may be months before we set foot on our native heath, and I am willing to own that I am not anticipating the prospect of boarding in a strange city while poor Frank is patched up.

I am sending you post-cards of Japan and a few from Honolulu. I wish I could have found a better picture of the hotel where we took dinner in Honolulu. It is beautiful and the good old United States "chow" tasted good! You would have smiled to see us drinking great glasses of milk with each course, the first we have had since we left New York. The dining-room is built out over the bay, where they have the famous surf-riding.

Now I must fly. Lots of love to all. Do write early and often. I am scared stiff about the United States Customs at "Frisco." Every one says they are something terrible. Lovingly,

BETH.

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Hotel, San Francisco.

Dearest Cousin:

I arose at an indecent hour yesterday morning that I might write to you before breakfast, as that seemed the only time I could count on. My family, however, promptly hustled out of their beds, and by the time I was ready to write, they were stamping around, declaring that they were dying from hunger. I was dragged off to breakfast, and my plan fell flat.

At first much of our time here was given over to the Custom House. I divided my hours between Frank and the deputy inspector, almost to the exclusion of my meals. After a little cajoling and unlimited—shall we say, prevarication—I managed to get all my things through, but there was a dreadful time about some big chairs that I bought at Bilibid Prison in Manila, which either should have been declared as baggage or not declared as freight, or something. I would gladly

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have kept quiet concerning them, but as they were in crates large enough to accommodate a grand piano and I had heard dreadful tales about confiscation of things that were not declared, I came out boldly with the truth, whereupon I was promptly assessed for ten dollars. I was disgusted! I told the inspector that it was the first time in my life I had ever spoken the truth in a custom house and that it would surely be the last as it appeared to be a luxury not suited to the wife of a first lieutenant!

I told him that if his conscience allowed him he might take my ten dollars and send me forth on a life devoted to deceit and falsehood. After having duly considered the matter he decided that his conscience wouldn't stand for it and handed me back the money, suggesting, however, that next time I'd better say nothing, even if the articles should be as big as a house!

After the inspection of my ten trunks,

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two steamer chairs, bedding roll, one hamper, five valises, and fifty-two pieces of freight, the next thing on the program was to find something in my wrecked trunk fit to wear. Everything was covered with either mildew or mould, or both, and I distributed the clothes around among various French laundries and dye-houses. They are just beginning to come home now, with very indifferent results, and the money that I would like to spend in Chinatown is disappearing in gasoline and soap.

I spend half of every day with Frank, who is gaining finely. He can stand for two or three minutes at a time, but he cannot take a step to save his life. His appetite is better now that he can go out of his room in his wheel-chair and sit in the sun-corridors nearly all day.

About a dozen other officers are at the hospital and none of them are too sick to enjoy jolly times together. There is some talk about sending Frank to Hot

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Springs, but probably not for some time.

We have been having a hot wave here for nearly a week and *how* we have enjoyed it! The thermometer has been at 102° several days, and in some places as high as 112°. We are feeling fairly thawed out.

The Knights Templar have been doing great stunts here this past week. They came from Maine, Massachusetts, Florida, Texas, Wyoming, Kentucky, and many more States, nearly if not all the States being represented.

Tuesday there was a fine parade by over seven thousand knights with gorgeous regalias. We were invited to see it from one of the best places on the route, where all the thirty and more bands began to play and the drum-majors did their fancy business and the knights marched in their best manner, for we were in the Army Headquarters Building, and they knew the eyes of the regulars were on them.

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They certainly did themselves proud, and none looked finer than those from Boston! The enthusiasm was about evenly divided between them and the commandery from Kentucky. Mother and I clapped as if we were intimately acquainted with every knight in the outfit. When the band came along with "Bunker Hill" in big letters on the bass-drum, the crowd simply went wild. It takes these Westerners to be patriotic! The decorations and electric display were magnificent!

We have been invited to go on the navy boat to-morrow to see the launching of one of the big warships.

Bobby sends his love and says he wants to see you. He is attending the public school here and likes it very much. They do not supply books and none of those he had would do. The first day, after investing over two dollars in books, pens, pencils, etc., he had his new twelve-dollar overcoat stolen, and I am wondering, had

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he attended a private school, "would he have gained or lost, and how much?"

Lots of love,

BETH.



Hotel, San Francisco,

July 26.

Dearest Cousin:

Last week I received a letter from you, remailed from the Philippines. The snapshots in it were fine of the whole family down to dear little Tatters. I have pasted them all in my photograph book and we enjoy looking at them.

Frank is doing just splendidly. When Mother and I came home yesterday noon from a bi-weekly trip to Chinatown whom did we find waiting to have luncheon with us but Frank! He came in on the cable cars, changing cars too—and he looked well—better than he has looked since we left the States.

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It began to rain in the afternoon, so we persuaded him to stay and take dinner with us, and I went back with him to the hospital. He is in good spirits and I am beginning to hope that he may sometime be able to go on duty. He is absolutely dependent on his crutches and such a pair of knees I never saw! It is a blessed thing that he belongs to the United States Cavalry instead of to a Highland regiment.

We were unusually gay last week. We went to the Cliff House on Monday, the circus on Wednesday, took in "The Toreador" Thursday night, and "Fan Tan" Saturday afternoon. It was enough to make us wish to go all the time, but unfortunately there are not many good entertainments here.

I send you by mail one or two little things that I picked up for you at different places on our trip. I am sorry that I bought nothing at Gibraltar, but I saw

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nothing there that seemed typical of the place, and as my means were limited, I made up my mind not to buy what I really didn't want. Now I wish I had invested in some souvenir if it were only a glass eye or a wooden leg.

The Tommy who took us through the galleries gave me a piece of his insignia, a little lion and unicorn, and I expressed such enthusiasm that he promptly ripped off the other piece and gave it to me, which was exactly what I wanted. I send it to you not for its intrinsic worth, which I think is about four pence, but simply because it came from the island that is crowded with rampant lions and unicorns.

In Malta, I bought for you one of the little Maltese crosses. You remember that the Mediterranean fleet was there and the streets were full of "Jackies" and navy officers. Most gorgeous of them all were the Queen's Own Highlanders, and their finishing touch was the little

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gold crown on their collars. I asked the major, who took us through the barracks, to get me two or three of them, and you will find yours the dearest thing to fasten a four-in-hand tie, and something a little out of the common.

I will send you some more little things in a few days. Please give my love to everybody, and remember that I don't prize your letters less because I happen to be on the opposite edge of the same continent.

With a big hug, lovingly,

BETH.



Hotel, San Francisco,
October 18.

Dearest Coz:

You may remember that I said I would send you some more little things in a few days. Believe me, my intentions were of the best!

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After getting the porter (beside whom the proprietor appears no larger than a thimble) into a good humor by petting his ugly old bull-dog, I had at last the felicity to see my trunk dug out from under fourteen others. Then I hoped that something would call him away, as all I wanted was a little basket that I bought for you at Aden. The baskets were the only things from there that survived the soaking in the Manila flood. The ostrich fans I am saving with real New England thrift to dust the kitchen stove with. The porter seemed to have no interest in the world beyond my trunk. I knew it was not in the top tray, but I went through carefully to gain time while he watched me. Nothing doing! I tried the second with no better luck, then the third. By this time he was beginning to regard me with cruel suspicion. I had confided to him that I wanted something of the utmost importance, which it was

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imperative I should have at once, never supposing that he would be present at the opening.

There was only one more tray and no sign of any basket! Only the bottom was left, and I stood on my head and dug, while he stood over me. I dared not come up empty handed and when I had assured myself beyond a doubt that the basket was not there, I seized a bunch of things, tumbled the trays back, and fled! The things are spread over the room and when Frank came down last night his first words were, "Well! this room looks like a rummage sale," and it *does*. Heaven only knows when I shall have the courage to ask for my trunk to put them back. The basket, I find by consulting my itemized list, is in a chest at the quartermaster's storehouse, at the Presidio. Some day you shall have it, so keep up good spirits! I will send the other little things without it.

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At the pyramids I bought from the guide a little chain of bits taken from the tombs. He held up both hands and solemnly swore that he personally abstracted every piece from the tomb of Rameses! I feel sure that he spoke the truth because he was partial to "Yankees from Boston."

At Colombo, I bought you a cigarette-case—not that I imagine you have taken to smoking—as we thought they were unique and could be used as card-cases. Inside you will find two little elephants that are the proper thing in Colombo. Elephants everywhere! Stuffed elephants—wooden elephants—elephants' legs converted into umbrella stands—elephants' tusks fashioned into chairs and hat racks—elephants in every size from fifteen feet to a third of an inch.

In Singapore, I bought a hat pin made of the famous moonstones, but never make the mistake of trying to puncture a hat with it! I bought one myself and

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know whereof I speak! Mine doubled up in a hard knot and I am wearing it for a bracelet. As butter picks they would be great, if the butter weren't too cold!

At Manila, I found absolutely nothing except the little shoes that I mailed you from there.

At Nagasaki, on the other hand, I wanted everything I saw. Finally I decided to send you two distinctly Japanese things—the dragon, which is found on two-thirds of the things, and the three little sacred monkeys, which are on the other third. After our first day there anything that did not show up somewhere a dragon or a monkey was promptly black-balled!

At Honolulu, the typical thing seemed to be the "leis." The natives do not consider themselves dressed without a lei of some sort,—flowers, shells, leaves, or coral, anything that can be strung. So I send you a Honolulu lei with "Aloha,"

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which being interpreted means, "My love to you," "How do you do," "Good-bye," "God bless our home," "Keep off the grass," or in fact anything that seems to meet the need. And that brings us back to the States again! How I wish you could go right over the whole trip with me!

Mother says it is time to turn in, so good-night, dear, and all the love that two elephants can carry.

BETH.

Hotel, San Francisco,
November 6.

Dearest Girl:

Your letter came yesterday. I am glad you liked the little things and I only wish they might have been the gorgeous objects that I longed to buy for you!

Frank's orders came yesterday by telegraph to "proceed to Hot Springs, Arkan-

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sas." We shall let him go on ahead and hunt up a place for us to stay while he is at the hospital, and if he doesn't find a satisfactory place, we may go straight home from here.

The weather here now is delightful, sunny and warm enough to go without wraps. We have come from such a hot place that we feel the least bit of cold. The rain begins the last of December and then we shall be glad to leave! Frank continues to improve and although he generally carries a cane, he is not dependent on it.

We have jamboree every Saturday night. Last night we went to a fine minstrel show and then to an interesting Bohemian place for crackers and cheese and beer, where we stayed until after midnight. There seem to be more such places in this town than in the entire East and we try a different one every week. I think Uncle Sam would enjoy some of them. The music

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is generally very good. The people are more interesting than a box of monkeys,—miners, who have struck it rich and come in to blow off the entire year's savings in one week; tourists on their way to the East (I mean the Orient) who verily seem to smell of Baedeker; native "Friscoans," who are often made up and overdressed, and who keep the *demi monde* "guessing" to get themselves up more conspicuously; long-haired Rubes in from the ranch; Germans in droves, from the grandmother down to Hans and Fritz! It is as good as a play, and the beer is good, and they tempt you with all manner of thirst producers, and the people sit and eat pretzels, radishes, Saratoga chips, young onions, and saltines *ad libitum*, and drink until you marvel that they don't burst!

We have been very busy for a day or two having our things packed to go East by freight. As the tariff on excess baggage is simple robbery, we are sending

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everything we shall not need in the next three or four months. Won't it be fun unpacking?

When you talk about "going home for Thanksgiving," it makes me crazy to start. Frank says it would do him more good to taste one of Aunt Fanny's far-famed turkeys than all the water at Hot Springs. What grand times we have had on Thanksgiving! I don't believe any other family ever has such good times or such a good dinner, and your dinner cards have always been the crowning touch! I wouldn't part with mine for one hundred dollars, and I am dead broke, too! I don't dare think about home! Once I turn my face to the East, the Limited can't carry me half fast enough.

Isn't it hard that I never received the letters you sent from Squirrel Island? I would about as soon lose a limb as one of your letters.

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Hug yourself for me and give lots of love to all "you uns."

Lovingly,

BETH.



Southern Pacific Railroad,
Monday evening, November 14.

Dearest Cousin:

Here we are off for Hot Springs! We have intended to let Frank go on ahead and make the arrangements, but when his final orders came he dreaded going alone.

We packed in a grand scrabble, took a last farewell of Chinatown and made our last trip through the dear little Japanese shops, in consequence of which, my suit case is so full that whenever I open it, it coughs up a fine assortment of tooth-brushes, nail files, hair pins, etc., over the aisle. Then Frank, manlike, got us down to the railway station fifty minutes ahead of time.

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The service at the hotel was perfect, yet we were never conscious of the vast army of slaves that waited on us until we were leaving and saw them draw up in columns of four on either side of the hall to wish us *bon voyage*. The scene was affecting for many of them must have left their several occupations at no small inconvenience to pay us this last touching tribute. The "touch" cost me the few cents that I had heroically kept, in spite of Chinks and Japs, to provide myself with literature on the train, but I see now that my reading will be confined to the Southern Pacific folder.

We were more than lucky about our baggage. Ordinarily one is allowed only one hundred and fifty pounds and as each of my three trunks weighed over two hundred pounds, I could foresee trouble. But they have a charming rule. People who make the grand tour are allowed three hundred fifty apiece and Frank secured

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three hundred fifty on Bobby's half ticket, so we had fourteen hundred pounds allowance; and our seven trunks, Frank's bedding-roll and my Singapore chair, all came in just under it.

I believe that this road has been cruelly maligned. To be sure the Tunis, our sleeper, is not one of the newest Pullmans. On the contrary, Frank says it must be on its way to the St. Louis Fair as a model of the first car that Pullman made out in his barn, but really it is not bad!

As the train is made up at San Francisco, we were supposed to start promptly at 5.45, but we did not start until six, giving us an extra fifteen minutes to wait. Now that we are really off, we are running as smoothly as if we were on a boulevard, though Frank says it is due to the fact that we aren't making an inch over three miles an hour. Frank is prejudiced!

It is time to turn in. I must climb into the top berth, as Mother and Bobby have

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one lower berth and Frank the other, and as I have seen the step-ladder, I am filled with misgivings. It is weak in the hind legs, and collapsed in a dismal heap with the porter while he was dallying with the Pinsch lights. He mended it with a piece of tender pink string, but I notice he didn't trust his precious self to it again. If I write no more, you may know that I am laid up with a broken neck, or leg, or something!

Frank has returned from the smoking car to say that we are an hour late at Gilroy. Never mind! We have from now until five o'clock Wednesday to make it up. At that time we connect with the Texas Pacific at El Paso.

Good-night! It is good to know that every minute brings me nearer you.

The "Tunis," Tuesday evening.

Dear Bess:

I wish I had had sense enough to bring

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my camera. We are now in the desert, and as far as one can see, there is nothing but sand and cacti,—perfectly straight cacties, as tall as a house, like a crop of fuzzy telegraph poles!

The country is desolate, and it is as like the country between Port Said and Cairo as two peas, only *there* we saw an occasional camel, and here there is nothing more enlivening than a dead cow, now and then, to break the monotony!

Instead of making up an hour during the night we were two hours late this morning. We went into the dining-car for breakfast, which was very nice, but *costly*! Oranges twenty cents apiece, eggs twenty cents, and steak, one dollar fifty, and of course we were hungry. I could have eaten two oranges, six eggs, and two orders of steak with relish, if I had not foreseen that I might have to subsist on cold cream for the rest of the trip.

We were due at Los Angeles at noon and

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we decided to have luncheon there and save all kinds of money, but at eleven o'clock we ran up to a wreck on the track, and as there is but one track on the Southern Pacific Railroad it made things awkward. We were forced to wait while the engine of the wrecked train went on ahead to Los Angeles for a wrecking train, which came back, picked the cars up bit by bit, and removed them from the track. We waited in a half-famished condition until half-past two o'clock rather than submit to highway robbery in the dining-car. Then Frank and I (Mother and Bobby had gone to watch the wrecking train) made a break for it, determined to eat even if we had to pawn our watches. We found that there was nothing doing in the "Eat Car," as they were dependent on Los Angeles for provisions. Finally, however, rather than have us die on his hands, the haughty head-waiter agreed on receipt of Frank's December pay-voucher to give

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us two ham sandwiches and two bottles of beer, which we gobbled, all same Esau, with hearts full of thankfulness.

In the meantime Mother and Bobby bargained with a cattle puncher, who arrived on the scene from the nearest ranch, for some stale bread and two hard boiled eggs at fifty cents each, not ostrich eggs either!

Here fortune smiled on us again, for the beer upset Frank's stomach so that he wanted no dinner, but I had no such luck and could have eaten hash.

We are five hours late to-night and I am beginning to wonder if we can make it up before we reach El Paso. The conductor encourages us to hope that the Texas and Pacific will wait for us unless we are too late. It seems to be a question now of what they consider "too late."

Well, I must go to roost! May heaven preserve me and the hind legs of that ladder.

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Wednesday night.

Dear Girl:

Here we are at El Paso, but the Texas and Pacific didn't wait! Can you imagine such lack of consideration in the South where one is mis-led to expect much, and after we had been making up time for the last twenty-four hours and were only four hours and thirty-five minutes late anyway? When do you suppose the next train leaves for Benton where we change for Hot Springs? To-morrow night at seven o'clock! At first we were nearly prostrated, not as much because it would mean a whole day in El Paso and another night on the train, but because it gave our faith in southern chivalry a dreadful jolt.

Frank and I went ashore and looked over El Paso. It is a fine place if one is staying merely long enough to coal up but for any longer stay, Frank has pronounced it a devilish Hole! A big con-

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vention has now brought men there from all over the country, interested in irrigation. The streets are decorated with flags and bunting and electric lights, and all the bar-rooms, which constitute more than half the town, bear the legend, "Come in and Irrigate." Judging from the delegates we have met, I think they are doing their best for irrigation. Much is planned for their entertainment. To-morrow afternoon there is to be a grand bull-fight at Juarez, Mexico, a place distant a ten-minutes' ride on the electric cars, which boasts the largest bull-ring in Mexico. Then at Washington Park there is to be an exhibition of steer-roping and bronco-busting, to say nothing of a foot-ball game.

Some fascinating shop windows were filled with Mexican curios, but as soon as I discovered them, Frank was seized with a pain in his leg and insisted on returning to the car instantly. Nevertheless if I am spared until morning I shall go straight

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back to them. Now for my aerie perch.

The dining-car has gone gaily on to New Orleans leaving us to the tender mercies of El Paso. We shall have to tumble out early to get a bite before the Irrigators have gobbled everything, and *then* me for the shops!

The porter has invited me to occupy a lower berth to-night as there are only eight passengers. I judge that the step-ladder is out of commission.

Good-night.

The Tunis, El Paso.

Thursday evening.

Dearest Cousin:

Did I say we should leave here at seven o'clock? That was a foolish mistake. We were only scheduled to leave at seven, we really left about nine! For the last two hours, we have switched up and down the track, in sight of the very shops where I fain would do a last errand and yet

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afraid to leave the car for fear it might take a notion to start. At last we are off and soon El Paso will be only an irrigated memory.

To go back to this morning! We hustled out about eight o'clock and made our shivering way through the cold gray dawn to the nearest hotel. We met Mexicans in their broad-brimmed, high-peaked hats, their long black capes wrapped around them up to the ears. There are only two hotels of any importance and we chose the first, merely to go in where it was warm. Unfortunately, in my effort to blot out the whole awful meal, I have forgotten its name, but if ever you have the misfortune to find yourself in El Paso, avoid it. Our waiter was colored and so was his apron, but not originally. It looked like a brief record of the meals served during the past year. After my orange, he brought me a large finger-bowl containing a fluid that resembled fish-

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chowder, owing perhaps to the fact that six cattle punchers and four "irrigators" had taken their morning dip in it before it reached me. The thickness of the china did its best to make amends for the cream, and the coffee was worse than Postum—nothing more can be said.

Mother, Bobby and I sought relief in shopping, while poor Frank returned to the Tunis to wrestle with indigestion.

We found many attractive things, but all fearfully expensive, so we decided to take a look at the shops in Mexico. By this time the sun was out and we were roasting in our coats. The sun at El Paso works only from ten to five, but it puts a good day's work into those seven hours.

In Jaurez we hunted up the jail first, not because we had friends there but because we had been told that the inmates made very pretty baskets. We were escorted by about a dozen guards and policemen to the chief officer, a Mighty

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Being encrusted with gold lace, who assured us that they did not and never had, and never would make baskets in his jail. Probably we had in mind the prison in some distant Mexican town, which we had never even heard of.

The next thing to "do" was the old Mexican church built in something B. C., but up to date enough as to the floor, which had just received a coat of shellac and came near holding our attention the rest of the day!

The shops were great and I don't know where we should have stopped had we not been previously warned that we might have to pay duty on anything purchased in Mexico. Mother bought a little Mexican blanket woven like the Mexican flag. She hesitated to take it until the shop man explained that there is no duty on anything costing a dollar or less, and then, as this was just a dollar, she yielded.

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I found a big Mexican basket the size of a coal hod that I felt would make life one long sweet dream, even if I had to carry it in my arms all the way to Hot Springs. As I couldn't make the shop woman understand that she must let me have it for a dollar in order to avoid duty—she was most obtuse!—I had to ante up one dollar and fifty cents. I bought also several pieces of Mexican lace, which, as I am slender (don't read that skinny), I was able to secrete about my person and only increase my natural charm.

We suddenly discovered that we had only ten minutes to go to the hotel where we were to meet Frank and have luncheon, so we hurried to the corner where the cars pass and proceeded to wait. Several passed us, all going in the wrong direction. I began to think that Frank might not wait. More cars passed, all coming from El Paso, but none returning. Finally I in-

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quired at a shop how often the cars went to El Paso. "Every ten minutes," replied the shopkeeper. "But we have waited at least *twenty* and not one has gone in the right direction," I exclaimed. "Oh," he replied, "this is a belt line. All the cars go the same way, but any one will take you to El Paso in ten minutes!" We took the next car all right!

When we reached the bridge that connects Mexico with El Paso, the custom inspector came aboard the car, which was quite crowded, to look for dutiable goods. Mother and I were thankful that we had nothing to fear. In fact, I was quite puffed up with pride—and Mexican lace—in my innocence!

When he came to us, he pointed to my basket and asked what it was. I said, "That! Oh, that's a little basket I bought for a dollar." (I had my fingers crossed and said, "and fifty cents," to myself.) "Oh, that's all right," he said.

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Then he turned to Mother's parcel, "What is that?" Mother, not to be outdone in prevarication, said, "Oh, that's a little flag I bought for a dollar!" Mother never could tell lies gracefully, and he immediately pounced upon the parcel and undid it. Then he regarded her with sad, reproachful eyes and said, "Madam! this is not a flag, it is a blanket. I will trouble you to leave the car and come to my office." In vain Mother protested that a thing two and a half feet long by one and a half wide could not constitute a blanket. In vain she called his attention to the design and to the price! Nothing doing! And there before the whole carload we had to get out and go to the office.

I was still "chesty," but not with pride. I never saw Mother so vexed. She wanted to go back to tell the shopkeeper what she thought of him, but I pointed out to her that in the few hours before the train was

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to leave, she couldn't do the subject justice. She offered to send it back but the deputy wouldn't hear of it. He weighed it, and measured it, and wrote pages about it in different books, and finally said it would be fifty cents. It was like pulling teeth for Mother to separate herself from that half-dollar, but the car was coming and it had to be done. I laughed until I was too weak to sit up, and every time Mother's eyes lighted on my beauty basket she launched forth afresh on what she thought of the shop keeper, the custom house and the deputy! She still contends that it is a flag and not a blanket.

Of course, by the time we finally landed at the hotel, Frank was not there, and it took me over an hour to find him.

After luncheon, which we partook of at the other hotel—roast beef in a hollow square of birds' bath tubs—we went to see the "roping, breaking," etc., at

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Washington Park, as the bull fight was not until four-thirty. The way they roped the steers was simply thrilling. They let one steer out of the corral at a time, and a cowboy would go after it on a little bronco and lasso it. Maybe those steers can't travel! Mother insisted on shouting, to the intense gratification of the whole grandstand, "*Look* at that cow! Can't she run though!"

The bucking was like the pictures of it, only more so. I supposed they bucked occasionally just to catch the rider off his guard, but they buck so fast you couldn't begin to count it. That the cowboys stick on and are not injured for life after the first three seconds is purely a miracle! During the whole exhibition, only one was thrown, and he picked himself up and walked off as if it were a mere nothing! It was over about four o'clock and I thought we would arrive at the bull fight just in time, but there was such a stampede

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for the waiting cars that we decided to wait for the next one. We waited and waited! At four-thirty we began to ask questions and were assured that the cars ran every half hour. At five o'clock, the sun finished and went home, leaving it cold enough to *frapper* us! Walking was out of the question as we were five miles from town. At five-fifteen the car arrived and we simply fell over ourselves getting on, but as the motorman evidently had a date to play a game of billards with the "gent" who owns the saloon in the waiting station, we sat and listened to our chattering teeth and watched the stars come out and wondered if we could make the Tunis by seven o'clock, or have to spend another day in dear El Paso!

At five-thirty we started, but we had not gone far when we met another car. As we were on a single track, it necessitated a long-winded debate on the part of both motormen, at the end of which our man,

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not as blessed with rhetoric as the other, backed us up the road to a turn-out where we waited and let the other car pass. I shall never forget that trip, if I ever live to get over the cold I have taken. It was as dark as the inside of a cow and as cold as a tomb. The passengers consisted mainly of cowboys, who are, I discovered, vastly more interesting and enjoyable at a distance, breaking steers, than at short range, chewing tobacco. Think of missing that bull fight! While I was hunting for Frank this noon, the matadors in all their gorgeousness marched through the streets with a brass band. Worst of all, I went into a shop and invested in a number of lurid postcards, depicting all the various blood-curdling stages of the bull fight, to add to my collection of "things I have seen on the trip" and now they have all soured on my hands.

We had no time to hunt up a third

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hotel, when at last, frozen and weary, we reached El Paso, and as the other two were not to be thought of, we stumbled into a little Chinese restaurant, most unprepossessing, but standing between us and starvation, where they advertised "Dinner 50 cents." And *such* a dinner! Everything was well served and delicious! I have never in my life eaten such fried chicken! We had to swallow it whole and sprint for the train, and then we had the felicity of sitting here, almost within sight and smell of that fried chicken, for two mortal hours!

I am beginning to feel more resigned that we did not go to the bull fight, for two gentlemen on the train, who went, say it was disgusting! The bulls killed seven half-dead horses before they in turn were dispatched by the matadors. None of that for me!

We are really on the way to Benton and if it were not for my basket and my

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snuffles I could believe that I dreamed about El Paso.

The "Tunis," T. & P.
Friday.

Dear Bess:

Well, here we are still pounding away through Texas and I am learning more geography to the square inch than I ever knew before.

Texas is not attractive as viewed from the car-window. There are no more tall cacti, but quantities of the prickly, flat, mitten-shaped kind, that Kipling says the elephant child's mother used to spank him with. If my hands were not already full with my Mexican basket and suitcase, I should lay in a supply for future use. I wanted Bobby to carry a bunch, but he seemed uninterested.

There are cotton-fields and grazing land and more cotton-fields, and the railway station with its satellite saloons,

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the store, more cotton-fields, and so on, *ad libitum*. Not a bird, not a flower, and not a tree worthy the name!

The conductor has just been through the car to say that we stop twenty minutes at B—— for dinner, or we can lunch from the buffet-car. Having tried the buffet-car for breakfast, we begged him to enroll our names upon the list of diners at B——.

Saturday.

We are surely seeing the world! We missed the bull fight at Juarez, but we have just been the victims of a fearful Texas "hold up."

When the train pulled in at B—— (two hours late), we little knew what awaited us, or nothing could have dragged us, alive, from the "Tunis." Not blessed with second-sight, we walked, yes, galloped, blindly to our fate! Before we knew it, we found ourselves in an awful place

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bearing the suggestive motto "Eating House" over the door.

The long tables were covered with dishes containing hash, here and there interspersed with slabs of pie and mounds of anæmic beans! Talk about fifteen kinds of pie in New England! It is certainly more to be desired than fifteen varieties of hash in Texas! There was bilious hash, light brown hash, dark brown hash, cinnamon brown hash, seal brown hash, pink hash, yellow hash, and *HASH!*

No one said, "Please pass me the corned beef hash," or "Kindly hustle the fish hash." They took no chances. It was "Give me the red hash," or "the yellow hash," as the case might be.

The pumpkin pie looked so much like triangular chunks of Mariquina mud that I was ready to weep with homesickness. The butter was a gorgeous shade of burnt orange, and our neighbors

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helped themselves to it with their own knives in a way that made us feel as if we were at a picnic. The gentleman who sat opposite me did the most remarkable work with his knife that I have ever witnessed, and when he arose from the table, alive and well, I felt that he had the sword-swallower done to a finish!

I secured a small green apple which proved to be occupied by a fat white worm. Then I departed while I could leave with dignity, and poor Frank was held up at the door for four dollars. Doesn't it seem awful to think that such things are going on in a civilized country! I am going to try to interest the Women's Auxiliary in sending a missionary to B——. There is a grand field for one, as also for doctors and undertakers.

We shall take our supper on the train if it is only a cake of soap, but I feel now as if I should never touch food again, especially *HASH!*

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The "Tunis," T. & P.
Friday night.

My Dear:

We have just left Fort Worth, happy in the possession of six doughnuts and two bottles of beer. We took no chances on another hold up, and procured our supper from the buffet. It was not what you might call sumptuous, as they were "just out" of bread and cocoa and eggs and a few other trifles. Then, when we reached Fort Worth, we found the most appetizing lunch counter loaded with all manner of good things. Was there ever such luck!

While Frank went down a back street hunting for beer—in Texas every one drinks whiskey—I led Mother and Bobby through various rooms in the station to an out-of-the-way place filled with "cullered pussuns!" I had no wish to be there, but I was making frantic and ineffectual efforts to go back to the "Tunis" with my

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doughnuts. It was evidently a waiting-room and I began to wonder if Fort Worth were exclusively a colored settlement. Some of the dark clouds even went as far as to laugh at us. At last by a miracle I found a door that let us out into the main station, and looking back I discovered a sign over the door in letters a foot high, "Waiting-Room Colored!"

To-morrow we may reach Hot Springs but it is as well not to expect too much of the T. & P. We are two hours and a quarter late!

Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Saturday, November 19.

Dear Girl:

Here we are at last! We were supposed to connect with the St. Louis Iron Mountain and Southern Railway at Benton, early this morning, but owing to some trifling hitch, we were two hours and a half

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late, and the train did not wait. We were already disillusionized in regard to Southern chivalry, but still it hurt; and when we asked the conductor about the next train for Hot Springs, we found that it would not leave before *evening*.

I decided to start for Hot Springs even if we had to walk. Benton was the limit, the very extreme end of the extension! I know now why every one who hails from Arkansas always says, when asked where his home is, "Arkansas! Now laugh! Damn you!"

But for once fortune smiled and we had waited only about half an hour when a train pulled in. Nobody seemed to know where it came from or when it was due but they were certain it was going to Hot Springs, and we lost no time in climbing aboard. After a time we discovered that we were in the second-class car, but even that was Heaven, compared to Benton!

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On arriving at Hot Springs we hunted up a small boarding-house, where many army people stay, and we were fortunate enough to find rooms. Mother has a big, sunny room and I have a nice room with a little one opening out of it for Bobby.

Charming people are staying here, and Frank can take his meals with us. He is delighted with his room at the hospital and I think we shall all do very well.

I am afraid I cannot send this by mail if I write another word and yet I am longing to tell you what a queer place it is. Walking down the main street you would certainly think that the place had been recently visited by a devastating earthquake or cyclone, for of all the banged-up lot of people I have ever seen, these are the *worst!*

Mother and I seem to be almost the only ones blessed with two good legs. Two-thirds of the people walk with canes

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and the rest go on crutches or in wheel-chairs.

The form of greeting is not "How do you do?" but "How is your leg?" or "How is your knee?" They all carry those horrid little collapsible cups and stop at every spring or fountain to guzzle down a cup of water at one hundred and forty degrees. They ask you if you have had your bath with no more hesitation than we should feel in inquiring, "Have you been to tea?"

I will have mercy now and stop. Do write often.

Love to all,

FROM BETH.

P. S. Frank has just discovered that a Captain Goodrich, whom he knew in the Philippines in '98, is staying at the hospital. He is very nice and it will make it pleasant for Frank!

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Hot Springs, Arkansas.

November 23.

Dearest Cousin:

If you would rescue me from drowning, send me a letter *at once!* Every one has insisted that I should drink the water while staying here for there is absolutely nothing else to do! I have begun with half-gallon bottles, but expect soon to increase the amount unless I have something to divert my mind. Early every morning, a red-headed youth deposits the water at my door and until I am outside of the last drop my conscience gives me no peace.

At some of the hotels they have a system of bells that are rung to let the victims know when to begin to guzzle and when to stop, but we have no bell ringers and if not diverted we drink without a pause, except to cough or call for more water.

When I began I did it merely to fill

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up time—and space—but now that the habit is formed, my first thought on waking is Water, two glasses before breakfast, and my last thought at night is *water*, two glasses before retiring, to say nothing of the numerous glasses to be consumed before and after each meal during the day.

I am perfectly confident that the hotel proprietors are all in cahoots with the spring-water men, for you can readily see that after a person has drunk water until it is on a level with his back teeth, he is in no condition to put in a hearty meal! Yet here we sit and drink and drink, knowing that at dinner we can only shake our heads sorrowfully at the roast pork and beaten biscuit. Some people even arise during the night watches and drain half a dozen glasses, but I shall not be in their class before next week! At the present writing there is more water in my system than in the Tanks at Aden,

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and yet I fain would have another glass! I shall have water on the brain and I beg of you to save me before I have to be rolled on a barrel.

I have just heard the man deliver another half-gallon at my door, and I go where duty calls.

Your much diluted cousin,
BETH.



Sunday, February 12.

Dearest Girl:

Just a line to let you know that I am partly alive! Your letter found me in bed with the grip, and I feel sick enough to be there now, only it makes too much work. Bobby has had two attacks of it since Christmas and Mother has had a bad cough, managing to keep up only by a conscientious use of "Brown Mixture."

Every one is ill here! Frank has a terrific cold on his lungs, and his general

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health is not nearly as good as in San Francisco. It thoroughly disagrees with us all in this abominable place and you must forgive me if I let out a yowl from the tomb, for you are my unfortunate safety valve! If I couldn't sit down and write to you when I have reached this point, I should certainly explode! which might be all kinds of luck for you.

Did I tell you that we had to take Bobby out of school before Christmas? The doctor advised it as there were several cases of diphtheria, eighteen cases of scarlet fever, also thirty cases of small-pox and some measles. Over half the children in Bobby's room were at home sick. There has been a regular epidemic of grip here and what wonder! We have had only four pleasant days! The rest of the time it has snowed, rained, hailed, and sleeted, and tried combinations of all four, until we are on the verge of insanity! Frank became so desperate that he wrote the

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War Department and asked for duty, *anything* to get away from here!

We have nearly died with the cold! This house might do very well in the tropics, but it is all to the bad in a temperature of under seventy degrees. By burning night and day a horrid little kerosene stove, which goes all the smells at Aden one better, and by wearing a sweater, thick leggings and earlaps, I have thus far escaped frost-bite, but it has been a close call.

I am losing all the fatness that I acquired at Hotel C——, and which I prized beyond jewels and fine gold. I lost seven pounds before I had the grip and only Heaven knows how much since! At present there is nothing left to lose but my skin, and then!—a puff of air, and —Nothing!

I am literally starving to death! This hog and hominy will not down! I am so tired of having it twenty-one times a

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week, that my stomach fairly turns somersets at the picture of a pig!

The trouble must be with me for many people who come here rave about the table and think these Southern dishes are fine! I have a distinctly Northern stomach! The far-famed beaten biscuit is to me a poor imitation of a common cracker and nothing more!

I am sitting on the register from whose luke-warm breath I can foretell that to-night we are to be regaled on a dish appetizingly known as hog belly—*Ugh!* At my side is the kerosene stove pouring forth one part heat to ten parts smell and in spite of my red woollen mittens I think two of my fingers are touched.

Adieu—while I thaw out! Your half-starved and wholly frozen

BETH.

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Hot Springs, Arkansas, February 26.

Dearest:

You may possibly have gathered from the newspaper I sent you, that it has been decidedly warmer here—in spots!

About daybreak yesterday morning, I awoke from a sweet dream of peace, to the horrible conviction that my bed was on fire, and the way I jumped out of it was a caution! After prying my eyes open and making a closer examination, the fire proved to be two or three blocks away, but everything was so lurid from the reflection that it seemed much nearer. Bobby and I hustled into our togs and lost no time in sprinting to the scene of action!

It was an appalling sight! The fire spread so rapidly that it was worse than useless for the fire department to try to save anything, and before we had been there ten minutes, we saw ten or a dozen houses burned to the ground.

The proprietor of the large hotel just

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below us notified his guests (there were over a thousand) that they had better be prepared to leave at short notice and it was as good as a circus to see them. One portly dame was sitting on her trunk in her robe-de-nuit, wearing a large white picture hat bedecked with ostrich feathers.

Some of the guests had donned their gladdest rags and looked as if they were on the wing to a swell reception! Others, and I think the larger number, appeared clutching their bathwraps about them with one hand, the other holding a grinning set of grinders, evidently afraid to put them where they belonged lest in their haste they should swallow them! Such a variety of bathwraps I never supposed existed—every color and every shade, in plain colors, plaids, checks, and stripes, polka-dotted and gaily bordered, with hoods and without, of flannel, turkish towelling and blankets. There was a duplicate for every bathwrap in the world.

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The fire department made more than a dozen vain attempts to blow up houses in the path of the fire, by throwing stick dynamite into them. Several lines of hose were manned by natives, and their system of fire-fighting was unique! Some one up the street shouted, "Here, you fellows, Joe says to bring that hose over to his house," and with cheerful alacrity they hustled over to Joe's. Before they had had time fully to drench anything but the piano on the porch and Joe, who appeared inopportunely at his front door, a yell was raised, "Say! Bill says he wants that hose over to his house *quick!*" and over it went, incidentally knocking down old ladies, bearing Rogers' groups and crayon portraits of Pa and Ma to a place of safety, all with a charming disregard for the particular location or direction of the fire.

I was deeply interested in seeing what different people saved, as most precious

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among their Lares and Penates. Even the fortunate had hardly time to save more than one armful, and they had to choose quickly. The pet dog won first place every time, although he probably would have found his way to safety had he been allowed free use of his legs. Much beruffled sofa pillows had a hard race with ornate parlor lamps for second place. One woman, seeing that her house was doomed, made a mad rush inside and returned triumphant with two cans of corn and a package of Force! The owners of Force should know this. Imagine the advertising to be derived from this single fact. It would beat Sunny Jim to death! One poor woman who had time for only one flying trip reappeared, carrying a book. I was wild to see what piece of literature she had considered valuable beyond all her worldly goods to be a comfort to her in her adversity. I bet on the family Bible, as winner, with Mrs.

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Eddy's *Science and Health*, for place, and the cook-book for show, but you will never guess what it was—*The Johnstown Disaster!* Misery surely likes company!

Frank was in his element! Though I fear that remark sounds a little devilish! He rushed in and saved a valuable horse that was tied in a burning stable, and he attempted to save a baby, whose mother, in trying to save time, had brought out the parlor clock instead of the infant. After she had worked every one into a frenzy, it developed that some other inmate of the house had rescued the baby and a tin slop-pail, and had them both at a safe distance from the flames.

The owners of the race-track promptly demonstrated that there is good in all things by throwing open their immense grandstand to hundreds of homeless people, who otherwise could not possibly have found shelter. As it is enclosed, the front being of glass, and heated, and as the people

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were supplied by the management with unlimited hot coffee and sandwiches, it made a very good temporary home.

You will doubtless be proud to hear that on Washington's Birthday, I forced a wedge into the Social Four Hundred of Hot Springs, by attending the annual Colonial Ball with Frank and Captain Goodrich. It was a beautiful sight and many notable persons were present. There was the "ten thousand dollar beauty," who travelled with Barnum for years, also a lady who has ridden elephants before all the Crowned Heads of Europe. Then there was a buxom maiden, who, before she met a certain book-maker who "hit it rich," acted as "hash slinger" in a Cincinnati restaurant (course dinner 25 cents). Her general appearance was not exactly patrician, and yet there was something very winning in the unconscious way she bore her dance-order on her upturned palm!

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They chewed gum to the music with a certain rhythm that seemed the very poetry of motion! I was not able to secure an introduction to any one of note, but then, I cannot expect to break in with an axe!

On the way home, Frank and two other officers took me into one of the gambling clubs, as I was simply crazy to see what it was like. "Ladies" do not play until late in the evening, and we found most of the tables filled. The rooms were gorgeous with gilding and sparkled with innumerable lights, and the ladies were beautifully gowned. To my surprise it was as quiet and orderly as a Friday evening meeting, and no one seemed in the least excited. They would put up two or three gold pieces and watch the result with considerably less interest than I should had I ventured a cent with a hole in it.

I noticed particularly two ladies who were playing roulette. They were having

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the cosiest chat together, scarcely turning their heads to watch the wheel, except when the croupier raked in their money and motioned to them that it was time to ante up again. This they did without a moment's hesitation, doling it out as if it were so much chicken-feed, and instantly returning to their conversation. They watched it with not one thousandth part of the anxiety that I was feeling. It seemed as if I must touch one of them on the shoulder and say, "Pardon me, Madam, but do you realize that you have already lost twenty-five dollars on the number fifteen!"

As we stood near them, I couldn't help overhearing part of their conversation. One, who was in deepest mourning, said, "I am expecting to stay here but two weeks longer, as it doesn't agree with Reginald." The other lady expressed deep concern, and she continued, "You see, for a year before Henry died, he had to

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use a crutch and he often struck poor Reggie. Now the little dear is so nervous when he sees any one with a crutch that it is simply pathetic! You can imagine how a place like this would get on his nerves!" The other lady sympathetically murmured something about, "Cruel shame!" "Yes," added Henry's wife, "I have Marie take him to walk up on the mountain every morning as he doesn't stand so much chance of meeting horrid cripples there." At this point the croupier pushed a bunch of money in her direction that fairly took my breath away! And Frank, thinking that the sight might be too much for my moral stamina, immediately discovered a pain in his leg, and nothing would do but we must go home at once! I couldn't sleep, pitying poor abused Reggie and wondering how much there was in the pile his mother won, and if she stayed and lost it all after we came home.

This morning Bobby and I betook

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ourselves to the mountain to take some pictures and I think we got some beauties, which I will send you. We saw a spot a little further up the hill that looked ideal for a snapshot and were making our way toward it, Bobby carrying the camera and I dragging the tripod, when suddenly, there was the most blood-curdling growl right at my heels. I halted with such suddenness that I nearly lost my balance. You know how afraid I am of a dog, and I dared not move an eyelash! I could hear the breathing of the ferocious beast, and the growls grew more savage every minute. Fortunately, Bobby was ahead and I had presence of mind enough to scream to him to jump up on a bench that was near. The growling ceased for a minute. Cautiously I lifted one foot and was about to try a step forward, when the dog snapped. I continued to stand on one leg not daring even to put my foot to the ground.

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There was no one in front to call to for assistance and I decided, summoning all my courage, to turn my head and see if any one was coming. I turned, very slowly, you may be sure, and I was relieved to see a white-capped maid climbing breathlessly up the path in my direction, while growling savagely and regarding my innocent tripod with blazing eyes, was the most evil-looking wapper-jawed bull dog you can possibly conceive of, showing all his teeth, with every hair on his back standing at "Attention!" I wanted to say, "Good old Towser," or something equally inane and conciliatory, but like Æneas, "My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth," and I couldn't let out the tiniest squeak! At last the maid arrived, puffing and dishevelled; stooping down she folded the horrid brute in her arms and gasped—"There! There! *Did* he think it was another nasty crutch! Well, it's all right,

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my Pettie. Nobody shall hurt dear little Reggie!"

And *that* was Reginald!

The odor of pork and grits is gently wafted in through my transom, so it behooves me to prepare myself for the eightieth consecutive appearance of "hog and hominy."

Yours lovingly,

BETH.



Hot Springs, Arkansas.

March 25.

Dearest:

Hurray! *We're coming home!* Mother and Frank are arranging the final details, and probably it will be the last of this week or the first of next.

That is not all! Captain Goodrich is coming with us. At least, he has asked for a leave and if it comes in time, he will go North when we go. Such a small

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thing has brought it all to pass,—yes, very small indeed, dear Cousin,—in fact, no larger than *your dimple!*

Frank said something to him once about spending part of his leave with us, but he thought his family would not be willing to give him up, as he has only a month. Yesterday, we were all sitting on the piazza at the hospital when the captain asked me if he might take a book I had been reading. Frank said, “Oh, you’ll find that on the table in my room,” so he went to get it.

He was gone so long that I finally put down my work and went to his assistance, and there he stood with the book under his arm, *gazing at your picture!* The new one you sent Frank with that love of a dimple in it! When he saw me, he exclaimed, “I say, Mrs. Arnold! Who’s the girl?” Well, what I told him seemed not to lessen his interest, especially when I added that we were expecting to have

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you with us for several weeks when we were at home.

As soon as he joined Frank, he exclaimed, apropos of nothing, "Jove, I wish I could go North and have a week or two with you!" and my dear! in ten minutes the whole thing was settled, and he is coming!

He is very nice! He is a good sailor (so he says) and he is not married, neither is he engaged, and the only fault that I have been able to discover in him is that he ranks Frank by about fifty files!

This may not appear to you as anything against him, but to me, it is an almost insurmountable barrier! I could have found dozens of charming and suitable cousins-in-law, had I been willing to select from Frank's ranking officers, but it was quite difficult to select the right one from those below him!

Well, never mind! He is a dear and I shall make you promise before I give

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my consent, never to rank me out of my quarters!

We shall stay over one day in New York, but D. V. we shall be back at Five Birches two weeks from to-day!

Frank's four months' sick-leave came last night, and now my fingers fairly ache to begin to pack!

You will be amazed to know that for the past three weeks, I have been having a good time! Two new boarders came about a month ago, a typical Southern girl and her mother, who are both charming. I have fallen in love with the young lady. She has the fascination often found in girls from the South, and every one from the cranky rheumatically colonel down to Bobby is at her feet. The racing season has opened now in good earnest and as her most devoted admirer has passes to the grandstand, we go nearly every afternoon. Usually half a dozen of us form a party, and we put our money together,

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sometimes amounting to as much as a dollar, and *bet!* But tell it not in Gath!

If I had put a ring in my nose and appeared in an abbreviated grass skirt, Mother could not consider me more of a heathen! But everybody goes to the races, even the saintly minister, who boards here, and who appeared to enjoy it as much as the naughtiest book-maker.

We have had one or two dead sure tips and have played them too. Judging from the way the horses came in, they were dead all right!

Before a race we generally visit the paddock, as we have passes, and conscientiously examine the horses. Our system is to play the horse that seems to be having the most fuss made over him.

Yesterday, for instance, we picked a horse called "Goliedown." I don't know what he looked like, for he was all covered up with blankets and bath towels, wrung out of ice-water, with an ice-pack on his

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head and red flannel puttees on each leg. He had been given the dope, whatever that is, and was shaking all over as if he had palsy. Now, according to our system, he was a sure winner, although I must own we felt a trifle dubious when we learned his name, and do you know, I doubt if he has reached the finish line yet! He was the slowest thing and insisted on starting around the track in the wrong direction three separate times. This was probably the effect of the dope, but it made the starters angry and we heard afterwards that the best time he ever made was on the freight train that brought him here.

After placing our heavy bets, we adjourn to the vicinity of the telegraph booth to await results. A man stands on a high stool and with field glasses watches the race and tells the operators the exact position of the horses.

Perhaps you think it isn't exciting!

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My dear, we nearly lose our minds, as well as our money, when they come in on the home stretch. I find it easier to talk the lingo than to pick the winner, but if we become very successful, I don't mind putting up something for you.

Frank has just come in to say that we leave next Saturday! How am I ever going to put in my time between now and then?

You will have a spasm when you see my general get-up, for I am a human rag-bag! We bought no new clothes in San Francisco because we wanted to wait for spring things, and here you can buy nothing but bath-wraps, bath-shoes, bath-mitts, bath-towels, and baths! and I am reduced to a muslin dress with low neck and short sleeves, and a lawn wrapper. I see only one way to do and that is to take to my bed as soon as I reach home and remain there until I can replenish my wardrobe. If they have a rummage

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sale within the next two weeks perhaps you can find something for me.

Frank is much better and says that if he gains as much in the next four months as he has in the last, he will be able to return to duty. I know he will be well in a week after Dr. P—— has a chance at him.

We have been hoping that Captain Goodrich could go with us but his leave has been "turned down!" Isn't it a shame! I can't wait for you to meet him. It is practically all over with him now, and it only remains for you to say the word! His regiment is due for the Philippines in about six months, and I will let you take my book on astronomy, all my white shoes, and the six jars of cold cream, which, by the way, are still unopened! I am sure you can't refuse all that and the captain thrown in!

The races close in a week and then all the naughty sporty people will go their

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several ways, some with pockets full and others fortunate in the possession of return tickets, and Hot Springs will again be left to the lame, the halt, and the blind!

It is beautiful here now, the hills are blue with violets and the peach trees are in blossom.

My dear, this will be my last letter unless I send you a line from New York. How our tongues will fly, and won't we have fun unpacking! Hug yourself for your most joyful cousin

BETH.



The Limited,
April 3.

Dearest:

We shall be in dear old New York in an hour, and I must send you one last scrawl.

We have had a dandy trip! We started on April 1, and all our crowd came down to the station to see us off, even Captain

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Goodrich, who was nice and jolly, in spite of the fact that he couldn't go with us. Several persons came aboard to see us made comfortable. He was the last to leave the car, in fact, he waited until the train was moving before he finally tore himself away and made a rush to the rear door. Then, what do you think? Before we were out of the station, the door opened and he walked in again! He was going all the time and did it for a joke on me! I rushed to the door, and back at the station the whole crowd were jumping up and down, calling "*April Fool!*" at the top of their lungs!

Mother's one word of advice, delivered on an average of three times a day, has been, "Be sure and take plenty of warm wraps." This we obediently did, and imagine our unholy joy, when, not fifty miles from Hot Springs, she exclaimed, "I have left my coat hanging in the closet!" There was nothing to be done but telegraph

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back from the next station and she will probably get it in the course of a week or two. In the meantime she is planning to wear Frank's extra coat, which drags about a foot on all sides of her.

We had hardly recovered from that excitement, when I discovered her hastily going through her bag and suit-case, turning everything upside down and evidently laboring under suppressed excitement.

At last she exploded, "I have lost my money!" and when we discovered that it was several hundred dollars, we promptly shared in her excitement. We immediately accused the chambermaid, the hired man, the cook, and every one we had seen since starting! In vain I made a systematic search through everything, and tried to make her remember when she had it last. No use! It was gone!

The only place where she could get a check cashed was Cincinnati, and we

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arrived there on Sunday, but Captain Goodrich said that his father, who kindly met us at the station and showed us all over the city while we waited for our train, would cash one for her.

This he did and after profuse thanks from Mother, we were returning to the train, when I suggested that she had better let me take charge of the money for her.

Mother said, "No! I will put this in a safe—" and then she uttered a joyful whoop—it was nothing less—and exclaimed, "I know now where my money is!" If you please, it was pinned on her "pussun" all the time while we had been wearing ourselves out, wondering where she had dropped it and who had stolen it! She then returned the money to Mr. Goodrich and we went on our way rejoicing! I think her head is a little turned in the joy of returning!

We are simply flying over the ground! Nothing but the Limited would do for

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me and every little jolt is bringing me nearer to my dearest cousin!

We are all wearing the smile that won't wear off and Bobby is singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" in three keys, which always signifies that he is on the topmost pinnacle of bliss!

Good-bye again. No more hugs on paper!

From your ecstatic cousin,

BETH.

P. S. Your captain has stopped over at Cincinnati for three or four days with his parents, to give us time to get the house open, but we expect him at Five Birches inside of a week.

I can hardly wait to say, "Bless you, my children!"



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